VIETNAM ELECTIONS KARL H. PURNELL

THE
NATION

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The Reagan Backlash

Revolt Against the Poor

PHIL KERBY

New Politics at Chicago

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

THE NEW NOVEL, USA

First of a Series

ROBERT SKLAR *on* THOMAS PYNCHON

●

I Quit! From Solo to Chorus

ALAN SAMUELS *on* DONALD DUNCAN

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LETTERS

and fie to you

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In your August 28 issue, Richard J. Walton ["Voice of America: Memorandum to John Daly"] accuses the Voice of America of being a sort of international WLBJ, ". . . the Voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson." I ran the Voice for almost two years, and I'd like to comment.

Walton makes a foolish error when he says that the incoming head of the VOA "must do things LBJ's way or not at all." The President picked me for the VOA job, and that's the last I saw or heard of him, or anybody else at the White House. My boss at the USIA, Leonard Marks, may be a great pal of the President, but he very, *very* rarely got involved in editorial decisions, and almost never —really, only once or twice in a couple of years—had anything to say about the play of hard news.

I like to say that the VOA is the point at which two disciplines intersect: journalism and diplomacy. There is always friction at this intersection, and always will be. The diplomats often think bad news should be ignored, and the journalists believe in explaining it. I will not deny that we had occasional battles, but Walton has got his combatants mixed up. The VOA policy people were the ones who fought for the integrity of the VOA, and it gives me particular anguish that these gifted and dedicated people should be slurred.

Walton's piece represents a viewpoint which is at once unrealistic and understandable: the writers and editors at the VOA, being journalists, are constantly striving for the greatest possible measure of editorial freedom. But the official government radio of any country in the world must have *some* policy control, in order to represent that country. This applies all the way from the hopeless diatribes of Radio Damascus to the good old B.B.C. While I worked at the VOA, I thought our policy machinery was in good balance, and so did most people. But I don't think I won the hearts and minds of that little band of freedom-at-any-cost civil servants who would like to have run their own independent radio station. (Are you reading this, John Daly?)

As for the Foreign Service "fifth column" within the VOA, a few are marvelous, some are good and one or two are bad. A few, indeed, are as bad as some *career* employees at the VOA, the unmovable petty Bourbons of the Civil Service. That's an argument you can take both sides of.

So the VOA is decidedly not WLBJ, and when I knew it, the VOA told the truth about our society and the world, as well as saying some nice things about it. It was critical of LBJ when necessary, and honest about the things which happen in this country. I thought it was a good place to work, and I think John Daly will, too. Fie on you, Dick Walton.

John Chancellor

West Redding, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: I am happy that Mr. Chancellor and I agree on the central point of my argument, that, to use his words, "VOA is the point at which two disciplines intersect; journalism and diplomacy. There is always friction at this intersection, and always will be." There certainly is, and at crucial moments diplomacy almost always triumphs as everyone at VOA recognizes. If a heraldic device should be struck for VOA, it might show a diplomat *rampant* and a journalist *couchant*.

Many at VOA have the sincere conviction that diplomacy should, in the national interest, triumph over truth . . . . Certainly there should be *some* policy control, but I believe B.B.C.s policy of objectivity would represent American principles better than VOA's policy of advocacy. . . .

Without going into further detail, let me say that my

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EDITORIALS

McNamara's Gimmick

Secretary McNamara's latest scheme for solving the insoluble—a barrier of barbed wire, mines and esoteric devices across Vietnam just south of the formerly demilitarized zone—leads to the suspicion that the situation of the United States is even more desperate than the public has been allowed to know. The current project has been under study for about two years but the underlying idea has been a recurring refuge for military strategists for more than two millennia.

McNamara's prospectus reads like a compilation of all the electronic wizardry that is featured in science magazines for juveniles, known in the trade as "gee-whiz" material. It comprises supersensitive sensors, "burglar alarms," ground surveillance radar, geophone seismic detectors, moisture or sweat detectors, "people smellers," trip wire devices, beams of invisible light, and of course secret devices that would be treason to mention.

As a general rule, defensive barriers of great magnitude are proposed by the weak to thwart the strong; that was the reason for being of the Maginot Line, behind which France hoped to hold out against the aggressive and more numerous Germans. Obviously the American forces in South Vietnam are in no danger of being overrun en masse—although if the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong had air superiority, or merely parity, that would be a real danger.

Mr. McNamara has conceded the fact, obvious by now, that the North Vietnamese cannot be bombed into submission. Nor can bombing and anti-guerrilla warfare prevent the movement of supplies from North to South. Enough gets through, and the Vietcong have sufficient support among the peasants, so that the Americans and the Thieu-Ky forces are able to hold on to only large cities and some patches of countryside. The McNamara Line certainly will impede to some degree North Vietnamese movement, whether of men or supplies, but by all indications the improvement will not be decisive. This is not a mere conjecture from 9,000 miles away; the fact is that the American combat forces have no confidence in the latest response to the "do something" impulsion. The intruder-detectors will have to be guarded by strong points, which will be subjected to mortar attack and other harassment; the sections of the line between the points will have to be patrolled, the patrols will be ambushed; in short, to be effective the barrier will require enormous manpower. At the western end, where there are mountains as high as the Appalachians, no conceivable amount of support will avail, and that is where the bulk of the infiltration occurs. The line would have to be extended through Laos into Thailand, a matter of 170 miles if it could be run in a straight line, which is of course impossible.

The real purpose of the project is political rather than military. It will—so the Administration hopes—placate the doves while not enraging the hawks. Its construction will lend credence among those who still would like to believe Secretary McNamara's piteous protestations that

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all we want is to induce the North Vietnamese to let their neighbors alone. President Johnson will be able to say to Senator Mansfield: "You see, we are trying everything—even McNamara's barrier—to carry on the war in a moderate way."

The hawks cannot object—at least not vehemently—since the barrier will be billed as a means of saving American lives. However, the prospect that the hawks will be silenced for very long is as remote as a successful military role for this latest innovation. Already Ronald Reagan, who may be aspiring to hawk leadership as the high road to the Presidency, has called for use of the "full technological resources of the United States" for instant escalation to win "as quickly as possible." Asked what that meant, he backed off slightly, but the wording describes the atomic bomb. When McNamara's barrier fails, what but the bomb will remain?

'Poor George'

The press has had a field day with George Romney's latest demonstration that he is not an adroit politician. It is true, as Senator Javits said, that he used an "inartistic word" when he confessed he had been "brainwashed." Those Americans who look for a father image in their Presidents will complain that if he could be brainwashed once, he could be again. All the same, the hue and cry raised by Romney's use of the word is beside the point. What is important is the stand Romney and the other candidates will take when the exigencies of campaigning force them to face up to what promises to be the crucial issue of the election.

In effect, we warned Romney that he would be brainwashed once more on his trip to Saigon (see "Romney the Rambler," *The Nation*, January 30, page 130). The reason we ventured to advise him was that it was apparent from the start that Romney, in his own bumbling way, wanted to move to the dove side on the issue of Vietnam but was apprehensive that it might look as if he were taking an unpatriotic position and ruining his chances for the nomination. Subsequently, Senator Morton showed the way; he simply said, "I was wrong." Romney, after all, comes from the auto industry, where the sales figures often leave no choice but to make that admission and try again.

That Romney was injured for a week or so by his *faux pas* is obvious; the withdrawal of support by the *Detroit News* made him look even worse. While the bricks were raining down, however, most newspapers and radio-TV commentators failed to notice that the *Detroit Free Press* did not join in the barrage but said that while his choice of words may have been poor, "the sentiment behind the words was not poor." The *Free Press* went on to say that "Governor Romney undoubtedly did rely heavily for a long time on what government officials told him about the situation in Vietnam and only after some reflection and independent investigation and reading did he determine that much of what he had been told was pure hogwash." This is a sober evaluation, and one which a large section of the uncommitted electorate, sensing that is has been brainwashed in the same sense as Rom-

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ney, may take to heart. That Romney has injured himself, for the long pull, much less disqualified himself for the nomination, is an unwarranted conclusion.

The consequence of the whole uproar, and Romney's subsequent refusal to back down, is that a Republican contender stands before the people avowedly critical of Johnson's war in Vietnam. It is about time that the bipartisan cant about the war was ended. Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy all contributed to this bogus consensus, but it was Johnson who is responsible for the massive escalation, for making this an *American* war. If the GOP has any sense left, it will pre-empt the peace position now, unequivocally, and force Johnson to run as the war candidate. Nothing like this can be expected from a habitual practitioner of deviousness like Richard Nixon; but Romney managed, so to speak, to fall into the position, and so has contributed a mite toward the political clarification that was so badly needed.

The Teachers' Revolt

There is a larger issue in the current rash of teachers' strikes than the bread-and-butter one. Teachers are staging a revolt against the failure of the public to upgrade the status of the profession. There is every reason to believe them when they say they are concerned about the school system as well as about winning better working conditions. In New York City the fiscally beleaguered Lindsay administration made a generous offer to the union. But in New York as elsewhere teachers want a larger voice in policy determination as well as better pay. Teachers are in revolt as well as on strike. The attitude of public employees toward collective bargaining and the right to strike has undergone a marked change in the last five years. Timothy Cooney, in a *Nation* article (January 24, 1966), pointed out: "Until a few years ago, the average civil servant was prevented from striking by his own convictions and not by laws and injunctions. . . . In recent years, however, there has been a marked change in attitude." A "new breed" of public employee has emerged, younger, better educated, with higher expectations. This "new breed" will not accept lower wage rates and inferior working conditions in exchange for security of employment. Nor will it settle merely for better wages; it demands a new status. There has been, for example, a significant change in the composition of the teaching profession. The National Education Association points out that men, mostly young men, now constitute 31 per cent of all teachers and more than half of those in high schools. Public employees today have outgrown the subservient attitudes of the past and demand exactly the same rights as other workers. Legislation is not likely to prevent or terminate their strikes.

Not only has a "new breed" emerged; the public's attitude has begun to change. The public is much more willing to concede the right to strike that it was not so many years ago. Teachers are not unmindful of their professional responsibilities, but the public has been unmindful of the critically important role of the teacher in society. In the past, the public has been fairly generous in supporting school bands, athletic programs, buildings and equipment, but has failed to upgrade the professional standing of teachers or to concede them the role in policy formation to which they are entitled. Predictably teachers' strikes will continue until a new status has been accorded the profession.

House of Spooks

Critics of the Central Intelligence Agency have for years said that that house of spooks is nutty; but for the most part such things were said in the spirit of hyperbole. Now it appears that perhaps they were right in this: the CIA does in fact appear to be run by kooks.

Assuming that an organization's sanity can be tested by the manner in which it hires and fires its employees, consider this evidence of mental aberration: The CIA uses handwriting analysis (according to *The Wall Street Journal*) to test the character and personality traits of job applicants. This is scarcely a scientific or even a common-sense test, of course, but that doesn't seem to bother the men who run the CIA.

More recently Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina came up with the fascinating information that at least as late as 1963 the CIA was financing the development of a "wiggle seat," a sly kind of lie detector. The job applicant would be seated in a plain-looking chair during his interview; but unbeknownst to him, the specially equipped seat would be recording his pulse, adrenalin flow, respiration and skin dampness. It is not known whether the wiggle seat has ever been put into service.

What is known is that the CIA is using its battery of ordinary lie-detector machines with a mindless fury. Senator Ervin has learned, through his own sources within the spy agency (its top officials will no longer talk with him) that more than 5,000 lie tests were administered on both employees and would-be employees during the last year, and only thirty for counterintelligence purposes.

Because of his psychotic affection for the machine, CIA Director Richard Helms is frantically determined that Congress shall not include his agency under the pending bill to outlaw lie-detector tests and to prohibit any government agency from asking a job applicant such things as whether he ever had sexual relations with an animal, whether he slept with his wife before marriage, whether he urinates more than other people, or whether he believes in the Second Coming. Helms has lobbied furiously in the Senate to keep the privilege of asking CIA workers questions of this sort, and he will undoubtedly now go to work on the House to defend his bureaucratic voyeurism.

He is especially interested in having the right to use the lie detector to hunt for homosexuals. But the reason is not clear. Does he wish to get rid of them as security risks? Or does he want to recruit them as agents? The latter is rumored and the rumor has been published, even in the highly responsible *Christian Science Monitor*. Helms has not denied the published rumors. Senator Ervin—certainly no defender of Helms—feels, however, that not even the CIA is that dumb. But even assuming the CIA wants to use the lie detector to weed out homosexuals, this makes little sense.

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In one of the closed sessions of the Senate subcommittee considering Ervin's bill, Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana, a close friend of Helms, argued with Ervin: "Sam, if the Russians find a queer on the CIA payroll, they can intimidate him and put him to their own service." To which Ervin responded tiredly: "Yeah? And how are the Russians going to find him—with a lie detector?"

But logic, as Ervin has discovered, isn't the best of weapons to use in fighting for legislation.

No Hope?

Richard Blumenthal's report on the New Politics Conference (p. 273) is no more enthusiastic than James Ridgeway's report in *The New Republic* (September 16.) The editors take a somewhat more sanguine view of the Chicago proceedings than that reflected in these reports and dissent, in particular, from Mr. Ridgeway's conclusion: "It is indeed the worst of times, and the National Conference on New Politics destroyed what was left of our hope and we are alone." On the contrary there are signs of growing confidence in President Johnson's proposition, that for political ills there are political remedies.

The evidence is much too voluminous to summarize here, but a few items can be mentioned. Anti-war protests are multiplying, not abating, and these activities will accelerate as the 1968 campaign unfolds. Thousands of volunteers have participated in the campaigns conducted by Negotiation Now! and the Vietnam Summer Project. Volunteers in the latter project have interviewed thousands of voters on a neighborhood, community and precinct basis. Incumbents have been lobbied, and candidates interviewed. The peace constituency is estimated at 20 million voters and is concentrated in key states. There are a minimum of fifty Congressional districts in which peace candidates would have an excellent chance of winning on the basis of close studies. A new mood has emerged during the summer which finds reflection in the headlines: "Finds Johnson Low in '68 Saddle" (Ted Lewis in the New York *Daily News*, August 29,), "The President in Trouble" (*Newsweek*, September 4), "Governors Wary of Johnson in '68," a caption on a *New York Times* account (September 3) of the Midwest Democratic Governors Conference, in which one governor was quoted as saying: "Up until a couple of months ago, the people of Missouri were hawks. Then Johnson called for the 10 per cent surtax and announced at the same time he was sending more troops to Vietnam. He hit them right in the pocketbook and you never saw so many people turn so fast."

The Republican situation is beginning to unfreeze; the shifts in position of Governor Romney and Senator Morton are significant straws in the wind. The Democrats are more sharply divided than at any point thus far. Sen. Joseph Tydings is merely the latest to defect from the President's position. A group known as "Concerned Democrats" has opened offices in Washington to spearhead a drive to defeat the President in 1968. Students have set up a committee called Alternative Task Force 1968. *Esquire* raises the question, "Is It Too Late for a Man of Honesty, High Purpose and Intelligence to be Elected President of the United States in 1968?" and nominates its own candidate, J. Irwin Miller—incidentally not a bad nomination. A committee is touting Gen. James Gavin as a peace candidate and the General is bringing out a book entitled *Crisis '68*. In Los Angeles, Dissenting Democrats, headed by Robert Vaughn, will work to elect candidates who favor ending U. S. participation in the war. The group is out to gather a million names by November 11, to run an advertisement in newspapers in 25 major cities. "Individuals Against the Crime of Silence," another Los Angeles group (P. O. Box 69960, Los Angeles) is securing thousands of signatures to a declaration against the war and U. S. participation in it which will be deposited at the United Nations. There are new stirrings in the labor movement; a conference of labor representatives has been scheduled for the weekend of November 11-12, which will be held at the Center for Continuing Education, University of Chicago; and opposition to the war is mounting in such organizations as the NAACP.

In the pleasant, heavily Republican suburb of Willoughby, Ohio, a group has been formed to sponsor an initiative measure which would record sentiment against the war. The measure was ruled off the ballot on the ground that it would have no "legislative effect," but an appeal has been taken to the Ohio Supreme Court because of the interest other communities have shown in the project. Twenty-five residents of Loomis, a Northern California town (pop. 2,300), heard a Vietnam Summer Project broadcast and promptly organized a "peace center." It would be difficult to imagine communities more unlike than these two. The New York City Committee for the Immediate Withdrawal Referendum has obtained 97,000 signatures to its petitions.

The New Politics Conference which was held at Chicago was itself a manifestation of the reviving interest in political action; no doubt the organization will find ways of participating effectively in local campaigns.

The disenchantment with politics is an expression of the deep-seated bias in this country in favor of "instant remedies" for ancient or obdurate evils. Coupled with this penchant for instant remedies is a related insistence on the assumed need for one and only one approach to the desired political goal. There is no one approach to the problem posed by the 1968 election; all manner of activities and stratagems can and should be used. Essentially what is needed is a restoration of confidence in the good sense of a majority of the electorate, once they are given a clear view of the issues and options. There will be options; in fact a new negative option has been provided in at least one state. Wisconsin has now added a new line on the ballot: "None of the Names Shown," which the disgruntled voter can mark. Even if only one candidate appears for an office, the voter can mark the ballot "No" and the No votes will be announced. A trivial concession no doubt, and not much of a remedy, but entirely logical in theory and one which other states should adopt. The options will not be ideal in 1968; they never are, but the voters will not be "powerless" either, for they never are, if they have the wit, will and energy to seize upon the opportunities that exist. President Johnson is right: for political ills there are still political remedies.

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REVOLT AGAINST THE POOR

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

California, under its thirty-third Governor, Ronald Reagan, is in the throes of a middle-class revolution against the poor. While the inner cities across the nation explode with the violence of the dispossessed, the quiet revolutionaries of the California suburbs do not have to take to the streets. Their maximum leader in Sacramento has the silent levers of power at his command, and he is using them in a carefully selective fashion against the welfare state.

It is a tricky process awash in the drip, drip, drip of popular rhetoric against big government, taxes, waste and all the rest, but the welfare-warfare state of the great corporations, as well as their satellite interests, remain untouched. The target is the welfare state of the unemployed, the disabled, the aged.

Two simultaneous actions in August brought the philosophy of the Reagan regime into clear focus. Reagan signed a routine bill authorizing salaries up to $20,000 a year for eight of his executive aides. The legislation provides immediate relief for two hardship cases, each drawing $16,500. On the same day, the economy-minded administrator of the Health and Welfare Agency disclosed a sharp cutback in services under the state's Medi-Cal plan enacted in March, 1966, to augment federal Medicare. Surgery will be permitted only under "life-threatening" emergencies. Other services eliminated dental care for the blind, dependent children, disabled children and persons on old-age security. The ability of the middle-class to co-opt welfare programs was demonstrated during the first sixteen months of Medi-Cal. Twelve hundred physicians during that period got an average of $70,000 each, and some received $80,000 to $110,000. Physicians' fees totaled $167 million. (Shortly after the reductions took effect, a superior court judge ruled they violated the Medi-Cal law and issued a permanent injunction against them. The state will appeal.)

The Medi-Cal cutback affects 1.5 million persons, and its announcement came, perhaps significantly, the day after the Republican Party won control of the state Senate which, along with the Assembly, had been in Democratic hands for a decade. Democratic Assemblyman John L. Burton, running in a special election for the Senate from San Francisco, had the support of minority and low-income groups, but that was not enough. He lost to Municipal Judge Milton Marks, supported by Reagan and Reagan money which washed into the area from throughout the state. San Francisco, whose registered Democrats outnumber Republicans two to one, joined the middle-class revolution. If any one factor decisively affected the outcome it was the fear and the reaction inspired by the uprisings in Newark and Detroit. Governor Reagan sent out the proper political signals to the fearful. He blamed the disorders on "mad dogs." Marks's victory, Reagan said, will help him put into effect his "concept that government is the servant and not the master of the people." So far, the Reagan administration has it both ways: servant of the wealthy, master of the poor.

The new 56-year-old Governor set the tone of his administration in his inaugural address on the "complex" problems of government: "You and I have been . . . told there are no simple answers. . . . Well, the truth is, there *are* simple answers—there just are not easy ones." To people living in the squalor of the ghettos, to the aged, the disabled, the dependent mother on welfare, Governor Reagan quickly proved his point. For them, his simple answers have not been easy ones.

Reagan explains it all so well over his regular state-of-the-state television reports, privately financed, that his popularity is undiminished and may even be greater today than it was last November when he retired Gov. Edmund G. Brown with nearly a million votes to spare.

Reagan's election as governor, without a day's experience in public office and after a second-lead movie career, a long run as propagandist for the General Electric Company, and host of a television show, was the miracle of the year, or any year, in American politics, but a greater miracle may lie just beyond the horizon. "Ronnie Baby," after eight months in Sacramento, is running for President of the United States. The very thought of it, he confided not long ago, "terrified" him at first. He is rapidly learning to live with fear. A Republican assemblyman told a reporter near the end of the recent session of the California legislature: "The people around Reagan, except Phil Battaglia, are weighing every move by Reagan for its effect on him as a Presidential candidate." Philip M. Battaglia, a Los Angeles lawyer and Reagan's executive secretary, has now resigned, and Californians have a choice of two rumors: one, Battaglia quit after failing to persuade Reagan that he should concentrate on Sacramento and forget Washington; and, two, Battaglia will travel the country, setting up a Reagan-for-President organization. The latter appears more likely.

They laughed when Reagan became a candidate for governor ("Reagan for governor? No! James Stewart for governor. Reagan for best friend"). They chuckled even as he sat down in the governor's chair ("Lights, camera, reaction"). Nobody has been laughing lately. Reagan, as nominee of the Republican Party is a real possibility. Reagan as President? In the chaos of current politics, that could happen. Simple answers, supremely illogical, hard on the defenseless, but emotionally satisfying to millions burdened with the fears of a hopeless war in Vietnam and the Negro revolution at home, may be just what the country wants in 1968.

Even so, Reagan and his handlers will need a greater miracle to put him in the White House than the one that switched his address from his all-electric (courtesy General Electric) Pacific Palisades home to Sacramento. Governor Brown's administration was ripe for political dis-

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aster. Brown succeeded very well as governor; he failed as a politician, lacking the killer instinct necessary to control the feuding factions in his own party; friendly and outgoing, Brown could be crossed and double-crossed with impunity, and was. Hence the rise to power of Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, who carved out his own feudal domain in state politics, and the emergence from oblivion of Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles. Unruh likes the taste, the smell and the feel of power, but he is an imaginative politician who often seeks to use that power for constructive ends. Although the observation could have come with more grace from someone else, Unruh was quite right in saying that the most creative proposals in the past legislative session came from the Assembly, and by inference, from him. Both Yorty and Unruh excel as picadors, and their expert work on Brown set him up for the kill. Unruh wandered out of the state during the election, privately, and with utter composure, predicting a Democratic debacle. Yorty, a spoiler who may get more satisfaction from the defeat of others than from his own victories, ran against Brown in the primary, talked ominously of the nonexistent "Brown machine," and ludicrously suggested that the affable Governor was surrounded by sinister left wingers. After Brown lost to Reagan, the smiling Mayor consoled himself by dropping in on Reagan's campaign victory breakfast. Such is the nature of California politics.

More basic to Reagan's success than the routine maneuvering of knife-wielding politicians is the shifting, rootless character of California society. The state adds 1,200 persons a day to its population, and about one-fourth of the population moves once every five years. Between elections, neither major political party has more than a skeleton organization, and no political leader can claim a disciplined following. The power of Jesse Unruh, the most influential politician in the state next to the governor, rests on his control of the Assembly, not on any popular base. The state, preoccupied and enthralled by phenomenal growth, has never developed an established leadership elite with a tradition of public service.

California, in 1966, was ideally created for the architect of the Creative Society. Reagan began with no organized political following. His assets were far more important: a public identity and television, the single most unifying force in the midst of chaos. He used TV with the skill and familiarity gained from years on the sound stages of Hollywood; he spoke of real issues: oppressive bureaucracy, the waste and cost of government, and violence in the streets (code for Negro riots). He played on fears and exploited prejudice with greater emphasis than he placed on solutions, and the strategy worked. It was particularly effective in Southern California which has drawn most of its migrants from the South and Midwest. The Southerners brought with them their racial stereotypes and the Midwesterners their conservatism. (Reagan won easily in Southern California and lost narrowly in the San Francisco Bay area.) The middle class had voted for Brown four years ago against Nixon and for Johnson two years ago against Goldwater, but in 1966 they felt threatened, and deserted wholesale to Reagan. The election revealed their anxieties over the multiplying and seemingly insoluble problems of congested urban life. Festering beneath it all were the war in Vietnam and the Negro revolution.

Two days before Reagan's inauguration, Gordon P. Smith, educated at the University of Massachusetts and the University of Denver and a self-made management consultant, was informally talking over money problems with a few key Republican legislators and several administrators of the University of California. Reagan had done what every out-of-office candidate has always done: he promised to cut costs and introduce efficiency into government. Smith, his freshly appointed state director of finance, casting about for ways to reduce expenditures and increase income, proposed charging tuition at the nine university campuses and California's eighteen state colleges.* He plunged the Reagan administration into a controversy before Reagan had even located the elevators in the state capitol. Smith assumed, in his innocence, that conversations at a private meeting would be considered confidential. The university administrators, hostile to tuition, leaked word to the press, and the storm broke. Tuition-free higher education has been a century-old tradition in California, but attendance at the university and the state colleges costs each student about $2,000. This figure includes living expenses and fees students now pay, averaging $250 at the university and $125 in the colleges. Added to this total, under Reagan's proposal, would be $250 annual tuition at the university and $180 at the colleges.

The twenty-four member Board of Regents of the university, each appointed for sixteen-year terms, represents, more than any other group, the "establishment" in the fluid society of California. They reacted coldly to the idea of tuition and stiffened as Smith lectured them briskly on the operation of "their university." Reagan, angry but undismayed, then made a frontal attack. In the face of expanding enrollment this fall at the university (90,000) and state colleges (185,000) and record budget requests for both systems, he announced a deep slash in state aid. The U.C. regents wanted $278 million. He proposed $196.5 million. The state college Board of Trustees wanted $213 million. Reagan, the citizen-politician, proved tougher than expected. After the noise and smoke cleared away, the regents settled for $251.5 million, $28 million less than their first request. In addition, they agreed to use their $20-million contingency fund to meet expenses in 1967-68, which meant state support for the university was reduced by $48 million. The state college system accepted $197 million, instead of the $213 million requested in state aid. When the tumult subsided, the regents had staved off tuition this year. At the end of August, the board again turned down tuition, but agreed to impose a new "charge" next year without specifying the amount. If the "charge" approaches the $250 tuition figure, Reagan will have won the fight by surrendering a point in semantics. He is pressing hard, and his latest

*In August, former Governors Brown, Goodwin J. Knight and Earl Warren, announced their opposition to tuition in an open letter to the University Board of Regents. They said tuition "would discriminate severely" against potential students from low-income families.

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argument is that fees imposed on students who can afford to pay will be distributed in scholarships and loans, making it possible for more students from low-income families to attend the university. Any significant program of this kind probably would cost more than the funds raised by new fees under whatever guise.

The costly system of higher education in California, the most advanced in the nation, was tempting game to any politician, as a result of a series of headline-attracting disturbances at Berkeley. First, the Free Speech Movement erupted, followed by the "filthy speech" movement and, more seriously, the strong protests against the war in Vietnam. Right-wing zealots like Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, sought constantly to bring chaos out of comparatively mild disorder. He said during one of his more lucid moments that Berkeley offered students a four-year course in "sex, drugs and treason." Reagan discovered during the campaign that his attacks on the university aroused popular response. The sight of a student, especially a bearded student, carrying a placard, seems to stir an atavistic hostile itch in the adult population. Reagan suggested that the payment of tuition might help to keep some of the "troublemakers" off the campus. In the middle of the controversy stood the university's president, Clark Kerr, mild-mannered, an intellectual, a liberal and, as a result, a natural scapegoat. Kerr wanted, under moderate guidelines, to allow more freedom for students on campus, and this stimulated anger right and left. Not that the Kerr administration was faultless. Student protests against restrictive rules against free speech and the factory system of education had solid merit, and they were first met by a series of hypocritical evasions. Reforms instituted later appeased neither the Left activists nor the Right reactionaries because both sought goals that had little connection with the merits of campus disputes.

Reagan's election meant that Clark Kerr was out, and nobody knew that better than Kerr himself. Conservative regents, who accused Kerr of vacillation in handling the student protests, had long wanted to fire him, but Governor Brown's influence was sufficient to stay the knife. With Reagan in and Brown out, Kerr's departure became only a question of time, but the timing, unfortunate in Reagan's view, was not to be of his choosing. Kerr had responded vigorously against the deep cuts in the university budget, and he sought the support of the Board of Regents at its mid-January meeting, the first the new Governor would attend as ex officio president of the board. He was counseled to resign and go quietly. He quietly stayed for an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with Reagan and the conservative faction on the board. They fired him as a burnt offering to Reagan, as Kerr knew they would, but he retained his half-smiling composure as he picked himself up outside the swinging doors. The frenetic fringe of the New Left, which considers history nonexistent, and the far Right, which views history as a left-wing conspiracy, joined in the applause as the new sheriff threw Kerr out of the schoolhouse. Reagan was discomfited, but only slightly, at the resulting fuss, which came mainly from the university community and a few newspapers, principally the *Los Angeles Times*.

If he could look down from his counting house in the sky, the role of the *Times* in the 1960s would confuse and dismay the grand old bearded walrus of reaction, Harrison Grey Otis, who ran the paper for thirty-six years from 1881. His heirs faithfully carried on in the ancient, hidebound tradition until 1960 when the old man's great-grandson and namesake, Otis Chandler, became publisher. Strange things happened. The *Times* attacked the John Birch Society and began a pattern of objective news coverage, which disillusioned its old friends (who had always depended upon the paper to be faithfully unfair) and surprised its critics. In 1964, the *Times* slipped from its new-found grace and tepidly endorsed Goldwater with the comforting assurance that he would lose. Two years later, the *Times* (it *is* a Republican newspaper) swallowed hard and endorsed Reagan. Seldom has a paper been so saddened so soon after its candidate took office. Mrs. Dorothy Chandler, wife of the former publisher, mother of the present publisher, cultural boss of Southern California, and vice chairman of the Board of Regents, expressed "shock" at Reagan's slashes in the university budget. "No substantial reduction will be possible in the higher education budget," said the *Times*, "if the quality of such education is to be maintained and expanded. . . ." And the *Times* capped a series of editorials by stating: "Although the Governor declares himself dedicated to preservation of the quality of education and the enrollment 'of the largest number of students possible,' his barebones budget for higher education raises some serious doubts." Reagan, who has a low boiling point despite the image of affable good-guy seriousness he presents on TV, confessed to one reporter that he took a cold shower to cool off after reading one of the *Times*'s editorials.

Reagan may have been under the impression that the budgets for the university and state college system could be cut without opposition, except from educators, with whom he shared a mutual contempt, and their sordid intellectual allies. He was mistaken. The *Times* attempted to educate him: "This state has achieved its tremendous technological growth and resulting prosperity primarily because of its unrivaled sources of higher education and university-connected research. To jeopardize these resources would be the most short-sighted and destructive kind of economizing." The *San Francisco Chronicle* chimed in: "If the University and the State colleges are the primary source of the leadership that brings . . . research and development funds to California, that is certainly one of the strongest reasons for the State's recognizing that its higher education system should be kept strong. The research and development activity that we have is the best guarantee that job creation will continue to be created in the numbers needed." The *Chronicle* duly noted that California gets about a third of the $14.3 billion spent annually by the federal government in prime contracts for research and development. Research goes where talent is, and among the 26,000 scientists in California are nearly half of America's Nobel Prize winners and 158 members of the National Academy of Science. W. K. H. Panofsky, director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, underscored the point: "There is little doubt in my mind that the primary reason for Califor-

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nia's leadership in scientific and technical talent lies in its state university and state colleges."

The warning to Reagan was simple: hands off the welfare state—as it applies to California's vast technological economy. Idealogues of the Right may fulminate against big government; the sophisticated corporate managers, including the managers of the university, understand the source of the state's prosperity. Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns said: "Potentially, each $1 in state support cut from the university research budget can cost $5 in federal research funds, a loss that could escalate to several millions." California industry depends on the production of scientists and technicians by the university and profits tremendously from state-federal subsidized research. (This was a central point in protests by students, who claimed the university had become a parts-replacement factory for industry.) California, the staging area for the war in Vietnam, gets more than 18 per cent of the $32 billion currently spent for military prime contract awards of $10,000 or more. The space agency dumps more billions annually into California. Even the ordinary operations of state government, health and welfare, roads and parks, draw heavily on funds from Washington. Withdrawal of federal subsidies would collapse the state's economy overnight.

But Reagan had a promise to keep and miles to travel. "The cost of California government is too high," he said in his inaugural address. "We are going to squeeze and cut and trim. . . . It won't be easy, nor will it be pleasant. . . ." It wasn't easy, as he predicted; it wasn't pleasant—and it wasn't done. After eight months under Governor Reagan, California has the biggest budget, $5.09 billion, and the biggest accompanying tax increase, $946 million, in the history of any state.

Reagan entered the governor's office thoroughly self-indoctrinated on the simple virtues of business and businessmen and the crimes of government and politicians. He had spent, by his own count, 4,000 enthusiastic hours of free-enterprise speechmaking for General Electric. He believed, along with his government-subsidized business friends, in reducing government costs (read the welfare state of the poor), set out to cut some—and collided instantly with the reality of the welfare state.

Reagan ordered all state agencies to trim their budgets by 10 per cent, and he underscored this with specifics. He proposed saving $17 million by cutting back the administration of state mental hospitals, with the elimination of 3,700 jobs, the closing of fourteen outpatient clinics, and the shifting of part of the burden to the counties. He pointed out that the population of mental hospitals had been declining. This had been accomplished by improved standards of therapy and the use of the outpatient clinics, and psychiatrists believed that a system working so well should not be scuttled. In a letter signed by all 650 of its members, the Southern California Psychiatric Society called the cutbacks "disastrous." Reagan did nothing to temper their hostility by referring to them as "head shrinkers" or by his breezy remark that prisons and hospitals make up the "biggest hotel chain in the state."

Other economy moves followed: a job freeze in hiring

San Francisco Chronicle

"I See a Tall Dark Deficit in Your Future"

new personnel; closing of eight of the state's forty-one conservation camps established to fight fire and erosion; a 77 per cent cut in the budget of the Office of Consumer Counsel; elimination of the state subsidy for the Mendocino Alcoholism Treatment Center; a delay in the construction of new facilities to relieve overcrowded conditions at the San Quentin state prison; and postponement of the opening of two youth training centers for juvenile offenders. Some economies, like the restriction on out-of-state travel by junketing state employees, met no opposition at all. (This will not apply to the Governor or his staff. In Reagan's record budget, $152,000 is provided for travel by him and his aides, more than double the amount requested by Brown.)

These savings enabled Reagan in January to hand the legislature a theoretical budget of $4.6 billion, a slightly lower figure than Brown's estimates for fiscal 1967-68. It seemed that the Governor who had been miraculously elected had accomplished another miracle. He had—on paper—but the whole thing proved illusory. As the protests escalated, Reagan backed away from some of the reductions in the mental health program. Eight hundred of the eliminated jobs were restored, and it was announced that "phasing out" would be substituted for outright dismissal. Closing of five of the outpatient clinics was postponed. It was discovered that the cost of Medi-Cal, the state's medical-aid program for the needy under 65, had exceeded estimates and required an additional $75 million. To relieve local property taxes, Reagan had promised to expand state aid to local school districts, and $170 million—later dropped to $148 million—was added to the budget for this purpose, and there was a $197 deficit inherited from the Brown administration. Brown had foreseen the need for more revenue, but could not get his tax measures through a captious legislature. When all the maneuvering had ended, the January budget had increased by $434 million. Before he signed it, Reagan cut away $43 million in a final flourish. One of the items that fell on the cutting-room floor was $750,000 for a governor's mansion to replace the old Victorian relic

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abandoned by Reagan for a rented house in a Sacramento suburb. Reagan said he thought the people of California would like to build a new mansion on a "voluntary basis." His close associates and admirers are now engaged in this philanthropic effort, with the notable lack of assistance from Governor Brown and his immediate predecessor, Republican Goodwin J. Knight, who believe the governor of California should not have to "depend on charity" for his residence.

California's biggest budget confronted Governor Reagan with his biggest moment of truth—new taxes.

Ronald Reagan was making one of his famous speeches against the dragon of big government in general and the income tax in particular. He told the Business Educational Institute of New Jersey: "We have received this progressive tax direct from Karl Marx, who designed it as a prime essential of a Socialist state." That was plain citizen Reagan speaking. Six years later, Governor Reagan sent a big bundle of tax increases to the California legislature. Leading all the rest was a hike in the personal income tax, increased on the average by 60 per cent and close to 100 per cent in brackets above $15,000. Other increases: sales tax up 1 per cent; bank and corporation taxes up 1.5 per cent; cigarette taxes up 4c a pack by August 1 and 3c more by October 1; liquor up 50c a gallon.

Business interests kicked at new taxes on business; labor protested the sales tax; the *Los Angeles Times* thought that so huge a tax increase should await a reform of the entire tax structure, but California voters, who might have wanted to impeach Pat Brown if he had increased taxes on this scale, were not disturbed. The new levies have not yet caused them to feel the "pain" which Reagan prescribed as excellent therapy to make Californians aware of the cost of government. By rejecting a state income tax withholding plan as too painless, Reagan sacrificed about $60 million annually lost from people who leave the state without paying taxes on their California-earned income. Reagan said he liked neither the budget nor the tax increases, and pinned the blame on the prior administration, which had "looted and drained" the state of its resources. "We stand," the Governor said of his administration, "between the taxpayer and the tax spender."

John G. Schmitz thought otherwise. "Reagan," he said near the end of the last legislative session, "just wants to run socialism more efficiently." Schmitz is a special case. A confessed member of the John Birch Society and a state Senator, he represents Orange County, which believes that government, by definition, is subversive. Schmitz has a philosophy: "I'm up here in Sacramento to see if it's possible for a man to keep his campaign promises." He voted no on the budget, no on the tax package, and no when the farsighted legislators voted to give themselves a cost-of-living raise from $6,000 to $16,000. When Reagan decided it was not possible to repeal the Rumford open-housing act and supported modification instead, Schmitz voted no. His gorge rose again when Reagan signed the liberalized abortion law (see Kerby: "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes," *The Nation,* June 12). To Schmitz, greatly distressed by it all, Reagan is making a pass at middle roaders to broaden his Presidential appeal, while taking his conservative friends for granted. The Orange County Senator, who won't be taken for granted, is among the small, but perhaps growing, number of true believers disillusioned by Reagan.

Moderate Republican politicians, who admire Earl Warren and like Pat Brown, are not too unhappy with Reagan. One, a state Senator, said: "Reagan appeases the Right with rhetoric, while moving toward the Center of politics." Another, a state Assemblyman, thinks the big budget and the big taxes would have been about the same if Brown had been reelected. But a Sacramento reporter who covers the capital has a different view: "Reagan was elected to stop California, to put on the brakes, and that is just what he is doing." Governor Brown shares the pessimism of the true believers, for different reasons. Brown: "Lack of interest in social justice is Reagan's greatest fault." Assemblyman Charles Warren of Los Angeles, a rather unpartisan state Democratic chairman, believes Reagan may turn out to be a "passably good caretaker governor, but lacks the imagination of a real leader."

Except for a few light jabs, Democratic politicians, who have as much respect as anyone else for a man who can win by a million votes, have not been able to lay a glove on Reagan. His most consistent and most effective critic, oddly enough, turned out to be the *Los Angeles Times,* whose editorial management, infiltrated by intellectuals, is running a low-grade fever over the Governor. Calling the latest legislative session "disappointing," the *Times* said: "The Administration won out on the largest tax increase in California's history to support the largest spending program in history, but there was no commensurate tax reform and no meaningful property tax relief."

The attitude of the *Times,* formerly a house organ for business, is not typical of the free-wheeling business and industrial entrepreneurs of the state, the comparatively new rich, who have made their money in postwar federally subsidized California, whose population, now nearly 20 million, has nearly tripled in the past quarter century. They lavishly financed Reagan's campaign, they reciprocate his boyish admiration for them, and they are the single biggest influence in his administration. Reagan has weighted his administration with men whose views are antithetical to their official functions. His real estate commissioner is past president of the California Real Estate Association and a leader in the fight against the state's open-housing law; the agricultural commissioner is a rancher and a member of the anti-labor Right To Work Committee; a former consultant to savings and loan associations is the savings and loan commissioner; the industrial relations commissioner is a former corporation executive; and other appointments reflect a similarly negative outlook. The head of the Department of General Services is a retired right-wing army general; the Governor's clemency aide is a former assistant district attorney who believes in capital punishment. Reagan reached into the ranks of Berkeley professors, of all places, for an appointment to the State Utilities Com-

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mission, but the professor is a long-time advocate of more lenient regulation of utilities. Exceptions to the mediocre quality of such appointments are excellent selections in conservation and resource development, agencies vital to a state being ploughed under and paved over by rapacious exploiters.

Flushed with a million-vote victory, surrounded by men who were as conservative, or more so than he was, Governor Reagan launched a no-compromise administration. Such ideological purity, never known under Pat Brown, became the spirit of Sacramento under Ronald Reagan—but not for long.

The Governor of California—"where the action is"—is a figure of national political importance. The spectacular election of Ronald Reagan, a liberal turned right-wing movie actor, made him something of far greater significance in our publicity-conscious culture: a national celebrity. He attracts relays of journalists to Sacramento. They usually depart bemused. Governor Reagan was not the Ronald Reagan of the evangelical speeches against the income tax as a "Communist plot." He is not the Reagan who trembled in fear the Communists might take over the country no later than 1970. In short, Reagan, as one put it elegantly, is not a "nut."

What had happened to "Ronnie Baby"? He had been reading the public opinion polls, and the polls told him that his fellow countrymen considered him a "Presidential possibility."

Governor Reagan, who will go to the Republican convention as a favorite son, wants a firmly united party behind him. One of the prices of unity—supporting the moderate Senator Kuchel—is a moderate one. There is the more difficult problem of Richard M. Nixon. In stage whispers that can be heard in the upper balcony, Reagan's staff refers to him sadly as "the all-time champion loser." Rumors floating around say Nixon has hinted he might enter the California primary if Reagan stacks the state's national convention delegation too heavily against him. That is unlikely, unless California Republicans, in the midst of success, revert to the strategy of 1958 when the magic coalition of Nixon, Knight and Knowland schemed the party into disaster.

On the biggest issue in Presidential politics, Reagan's view is characteristically clean-cut and straightforward: "We ought to go into Vietnam and make it one big parking lot and paint a stripe down the middle." Despite this quality of simplicity and candor, and other advantages, Reagan, coining one of his nimble phrases—"I have a four-year contract with the people of California"—keeps saying he is not a candidate. His staff assistants, brisk, young confident types, keep leading him up the mountain and showing him those polls. The latest, a year and five months before the Presidential election, reports that the strongest Republican ticket would be Rockefeller for President and Reagan for Vice President. Reagan's aides can put together any number of combinations, and they always end up with Reagan for President.

Meanwhile, a lovely little cloud, no bigger than a dainty woman's white glove, has arisen on the California horizon, an omen of yet another political miracle fashioned in the Hollywood dream factory.

Shirley Temple is running for Congress.

VIETNAM ELECTIONS

MARCHING OUT THE HORSES

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is starting this month as the Vietnam correspondent for the Public Broadcast Laboratory, the new TV network directed by Fred Friendly.

Saigon

The big surprise in Vietnam's recent elections was the excellent showing of an unknown peace candidate, Troung Dinh Dzu. By far the harshest critic of the present military junta, Dzu placed second in the race. His campaign symbol of a white dove of peace and his continued jabs at the ruling generals apparently aroused hope among some Vietnamese who saw in him a promise for change.

At a large political rally in Nha Trang, a coastal city approximately 350 miles north of Saigon, the short, heavy-set Dzu told a cheering crowd that it was time to throw out the rascals in Saigon.

"What is democracy in Vietnam? It is anything which is against the present government," he shouted to an appreciative audience.

Even Dzu's campaign oratory was not enough to stop the government landslide. Generals Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky received twice as many votes as Dzu.

This kind of sweep might be considered a strong mandate to rule in a Western democracy where a majority can express its will at the polls. In Vietnam, however, it appears that the generals may have gone too far in masterminding an election which may well have sown the seeds for yet another revolution.

Before the campaign for a new President, Vice President and Senate started, the generals had planned their victory. Essentially, these preparations consisted of three parts: selection of candidates, official pressure on the peasants and a large military vote. Having accounted for each of these ingredients by Election Day, there was little need for the generals to manipulate the ballot box. It was simply a matter of marching out the horses on September 3 and pretending to the world that a democratic election was being held.

The selection of candidates was held in such a way that the most popular political figure in Vietnam, Gen-

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eral Duong Van Minh, was eliminated from the race. "Big" Minh, in exile since last year, was the one person who could rally heavy Buddhist support and also cut into the large military vote. As such, he was a dangerous rival to Thieu and Ky. Consequently, the Armed Forces Council ruled, on grounds of "security," that he could not enter the country to campaign. When questioned about this, General Ky exploded in anger. "Minh better keep his mouth shut or we'll exile him forever," he said. Shortly afterward a docile Credentials Committee of the Constituent Assembly found a technical flaw in Minh's application and the one man who could have given the generals a real race was eliminated.

Another prominent candidate was eliminated because his platform did not conform sufficiently to present government policy concerning the war.

Au Troung Thanh, a Minister of Economics under the Ky government until he resigned in protest last year, also wished to be a candidate for President. Thanh had promised that if elected, he would seek an immediate ceasefire. Furthermore, he favored halting the bombing of North Vietnam in order to get negotiations started. This policy, Thanh said, reflected the true aspirations of the Vietnamese people.

It did not, however, reflect those of Ky and Thieu. Thanh's candidacy was thrown out on the grounds that he was a leftist and a Communist. When Premier Ky was asked why he had allowed Thanh in his cabinet as Minister of Economics if the man was a Communist, the General replied that he wanted to "keep an eye on him."

There were several other candidates eliminated from the race who protested in downtown Saigon. However, their appeals were in vain and the list was narrowed to ten civilians and the generals.

The ten civilians were mostly middle-class, French-educated politicians who posed little threat to the generals' candidacy. Only Dzu had much life, but he was practically unknown in Vietnam and had only a token organization.

Tran Van Huong, a former Prime Minister until he was overthrown, was thought to be the leading civilian candidate. However, his dull speeches and quiet manner failed to inspire much reaction despite the fact that he was relatively well known. Possessed of a dedicated band of young followers, Huong simply could not pull the kind of vote needed to overcome the bloc votes of the generals.

The third-place civilian, Phan Khac Suu, 62, is an old hand at Vietnamese politics. He had spent several years in both Diem's and Japanese prisons for his opposition to existing governments. As a candidate, he had the same trouble as the others developing a dynamic image among those who were not acquainted with him. Most of the candidates possessed dedicated followings; however, none had the kind of organization required to beat the combined power of the generals.

If the civilians had made the one sacrifice needed to defeat the Thieu-Ky ticket, the election would have been a different matter. There were rumors during the campaign that several of the front runners would drop out in favor of one candidate. Negotiations to this effect were held at several points during the monthlong campaign, but they could not agree on who should drop out. Consequently, the civilian candidates split the anti-government vote ten ways, allowing the Thieu-Ky ticket smooth sailing on Election Day.

With the opposition weakened and divided, the generals' second strategy was to rely on the influence of province, district and hamlet officials to deliver a fair share of the peasant vote.

The kind of pressure which a local official can exert upon the Vietnamese peasant cannot be underestimated. The recent history of rural Vietnam has taught the peasant farmer that respect and obedience to the local authority can spell the difference between life and death. Since the province, district and most hamlet chiefs have been appointed by the Saigon government, it takes little imagination to determine which ticket these officials were supporting. Most peasants, who neither knew the candidates nor had any conception of what the election was about, were easily susceptible to the subtle suggestions of their superiors.

This willingness to comply with government wishes was dramatically illustrated by the 83 per cent voter turnout in Vietnam. Americans who are accustomed to a 55 to 60 per cent turnout are usually surprised to find that so many people vote in Vietnam. The answer is simply that local officials make it known that they want the people at the polls on Election Day. Each voter's card is stamped after he votes. Many Vietnamese are convinced that if their cards are not stamped, they will be arrested. Consequently, they make a point of getting to the polls and, in many cases, of voting for the candidate suggested by the authorities.

The third element of the Thieu-Ky victory was reliance on a well-disciplined military vote. There are 5,953,251 registered voters in Vietnam. Of these, approximately 1 million are considered part of the military, according to figures released by the political section of the United States mission in Saigon.

Even assuming that Thieu and Ky did not get all the military votes (American officials conceded 70 per cent to them), they still had the election well under control before the voting started. Their nearest rival, Dzu, polled only 817,120 votes, which was just over the number of military ballots upon which the generals could rely. This military vote, plus those picked up by province officials, was augmented by several deals made with groups interested in the *status quo*. The Chinese in Cholon, many of whom are making fortunes because of the war, businessmen who cater to the Americans, and those who profit from widespread corruption, all threw their support to the generals. With this kind of backing it is surprising that the victors polled only 1,649,561 votes.

In fact, the final tally indicates that the mass of Vietnamese people do not approve of their new President and Vice President. Generals Thieu and Ky received only 34 per cent of the total vote, the rest being split among the remaining ten candidates. Had this anti-government vote not been divided, or if a run-off election were held, it is almost certain that a civilian President and Vice President would be elected.

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Furthermore, there are more than 3 million potential voters in South Vietnam who live in Vietcong-controlled areas and are presumably sympathetic to the National Liberation Front. If this were added to the anti-government vote, it becomes clear that the 1.5 million votes or so won by the generals represents a small portion of the Vietnamese people.

Many of the defeated candidates feel that they have been cheated of a hard-earned victory through the power politics employed by the generals. Several, including Dzu, held a press conference four days after the election to protest the election results. These candidates have had years of experience in politics. Their followers, some of whom were members of the constituent assembly, are well acquainted with the mechanics of an underground movement. One candidate, Ha Thuc Ky, spent several years in solitary confinement during the Diem regime. Tough, astute and experienced, several of these candidates and their followers claim they are now faced with the choice of joining the National Liberation Front, which they despise, or starting an underground opposition movement aimed at toppling the generals.

The frustration of the defeated candidates, plus the bitterness of those Vietnamese who feel the elections were not meaningful, is precisely the kind of spark which is needed in order to kindle a new revolt in Vietnam.

Their despair is what the militant Buddhists have needed to rekindle the Struggle Movement so ruthlessly suppressed by the government last year. Thich Tri Quang, the shrewd monk who led several previous revolts, has been biding his time for just this opportunity. Already, rumors have started of a coalition between the Buddhists of the An Quang Pagoda in Saigon and the bitter civilian candidates.

Although the immediate results of the September 3 elections may have pleased those who favor a continuation of the war in Vietnam, it may well be that the generals have overplayed their hand in their sweep at the polls. By arranging so ingeniously for their continuation in power at the expense of the Vietnamese people, the new President and Vice President may have won a Pyrrhic victory which both they and their supporters may soon regret.

THE CHASTENING OF NASA

CARL DREHER

On October 4 the space age will be ten years old. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, established about a year after Sputnik I by the Space Act of 1958, grew rapidly into a great federal empire, with 42,000 employees of its own and more than 400,000 people across the country working on the moon program alone. Only the Central Intelligence Agency surpassed it in status and immunities. NASA's notices in the printed and electronic press were almost uniformly laudatory. In the halls of Congress its request was law. If it did not get the money right away, it threw a tantrum and Congress came across.

In its Mercury and Gemini flights, NASA and its contractors must be credited with some solid engineering and managerial achievements—and debited with errors which for a time were screened from public view. Then came the tragedy of January 27, 1967. Where previously NASA could do no wrong, after Grissom, White and Chaffee lay dead in their burned-out spacecraft, NASA and its prime Apollo contractor, North American Aviation, incurred the opprobrium reserved for fallen idols in the American success saga. They did indeed have much to answer for. Despite all their simulators and computers and "sophisticated" technology, they had designed Apollo with a pre-launch atmosphere of 16 pounds per square inch of pure oxygen and a hatch-opening time of not less than ninety seconds—a foreseeably lethal combination in the event of ignition of the abundance of flammable materials in the cabin. There could be arguments pro and con on many points, but what could not be disputed was that the Apollo in which the fire occurred was so full of defects that it should never have been tested with men inside.

The basic mistake, however, was the cold-war race for the moon which, despite pleas and warnings from disinterested observers, NASA had pressed from the outset and even today has not repudiated. President Kennedy's 1961 setting of a target date for the landing on the moon, "before the decade is out," was necessarily a political decision, both on his part and that of the Congress which authorized it and appropriated the initial funds. Kennedy inherited the problem of a bad international image of U.S. scientific capability which the Soviet accomplishment in space had created. If he continued the program at the leisurely pace of the Eisenhower administration (Clarence B. Randall, President Eisenhower's economic adviser, had referred to Sputnik as "that basketball in the sky"), the U.S. was certain to face a whole series of future Soviet firsts. Kennedy concluded that it would be self-defeating to continue a space effort that gave no promise of better returns than in the past. His choice was essentially either to pull out, hoping to find some other, socially more useful way of demonstrating U.S. technological prowess, or to accelerate the program to the point where our achievements would reflect our true capabilities vis-a-vis the Soviet Union.

Jerome B. Wiesner, President Kennedy's science adviser, weighed some very large development projects at home and overseas as alternatives to an accelerated space effort, but he and the President were unable to convince themselves that there was a really satisfactory substitute from the point of view of offsetting the damage done to

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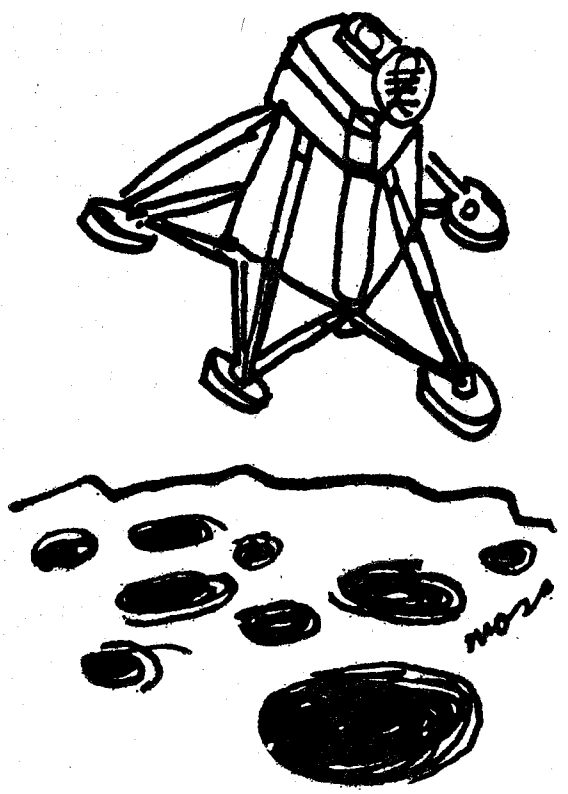
the international reputation of U.S. science and technology. The President understood that the program could not be justified primarily on the basis of its scientific objectives and he never presented it in that light. The other problems he was facing at the time, including the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs, exacerbated the political problem and may very well have had some influence on the decision.

Once the die was cast, the 1970 goal was an effective political and morale-stimulating way of presenting the moon project to the country. But it was never contemplated that this objective, projected far ahead in time, under unforeseeable technical conditions, would determine future decisions affecting space missions and the lives of the astronauts delegated to carry them out. Yet NASA, no doubt guided subsequently by the wishes of the Johnson Administration, continued to adhere to the deadline laid down in 1961 and, in fact, pushed it forward: according to the industry press, in mid-January, 1967, they were shooting for August, 1968.

After the fire, NASA officials kept reassuring Congressional investigators and newsmen that the 1970 goal was still attainable. They have never stopped. James A. Webb, the head of the agency, set the pattern in April and has been dutifully echoed by his subordinates. As late as August 18, at a conference on bioastronautics at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, a NASA official emphatically reaffirmed the December 31, 1969, deadline. It seems almost incredible that after the loss of a year as a result of redesign necessitated by the fire, the fact that neither the Saturn V booster nor the revamped Apollo has flown, and current reports of defective workmanship in wiring passing through pyrotechnic areas of the 017 Apollo scheduled for an early (unmanned) launching, NASA still clings to the deadline which, perhaps more than any other factor, got it into trouble.



There is reason to believe that behind the scenes the deadline is no longer taken literally and that NASA will not launch upcoming flights until hazards have been reduced as far as possible. Yet even the pretense that the race must continue, after the loss of three of our space fliers and at least one of the Russians', calls into question NASA's good faith and independence of political dictation. It also has practical consequences, such as making more difficult U.S.-Soviet cooperation in efforts to rescue astronauts stranded in earth orbit. The future course of Apollo will furnish further evidence of the extent to which NASA chastened is NASA improved; this should have a bearing on the proportion of the country's resources to be applied to post-Apollo activity, including the Apollo Applications Program (AAP).

The money to be spent, and the probable loss of life even if future flights are conducted with all possible prudence, must be weighed against the benefits to be expected. One certain return is public entertainment. Ironically, the sacrifice of the three fliers will greatly enhance the pulling power of the next manned flight for TV kicks and the interspersed advertising. The public knew that space flight was dangerous; how dangerous has now been demonstrated. The public does not wish to see astronauts killed any more than they wish to see auto-racing drivers killed, but without death lurking at the turns they would not go to the races. Thus Navy Capt. Walter Schirra and his crew will play to the biggest audience yet and their mission, now scheduled for mid-1968, will be the most suspenseful up to that time. In fact, even the forthcoming unmanned Apollo flights will whet the public appetite and get more attention than unmanned flights normally do.

AAP and manned planetary missions are in a different case. The principal entertainment feature will be a possible manned mission to Mars. The formidable difficulties of this project will be discussed later; in the present connection the point is that simulated and unmanned flights, with their low show-business potential, will extend over a period of perhaps ten years. If men do finally take off for Mars, the journey will be of such duration that the high spots—launch, rendezvous and coupling, and ascent; circumnavigation of the planet or the maneuvers of landing and departure; and the last stages of return to earth—will be separated by months, if not years, of uneventful and boring flight. From an entertainment standpoint, the project lacks an essential element—sustained pace.

However, titillating the public is only one feature of space flight. Intellectual values are also involved. Many intelligent people tend to disparage the technological expressions of intellect, but this aversion must be regarded as a selective form of anti-intellectualism. The diverse kinds of thought and invention necessary for space travel, the interdisciplinary links that must be forged before hardware can be manufactured and operational techniques developed, are as formidable as anything to be found in other forms of cultural achievement. Space travel pro-

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vides information on the universe, and on man, which is unobtainable on earth. Important, also, is the fact that NASA financed "scientific investigation" to the extent of $560 million in fiscal 1967. Even if a considerable part of this is not basic science, NASA is sponsoring a major intellectual effort, though one particularly vulnerable from a budgetary standpoint. In a struggle for funds between science and non-science, it needs no gift of divination to predict the outcome.

Except for those who take the position that we do not need further technological progress, the promoters of AAP can make out a strong case for future space inventions useful on earth. The amazingly rapid achievement of communications via satellite certainly supports optimism in this area. Orbiting telescopes, earth-resource satellites for agricultural surveys and the like, satellites for weather forecasting, mapping, navigation, etc., are confidently to be expected. Until men had gone into space no one ever got a good look at the earth from a distance. In another phase, medical knowledge will almost certainly be derived from experience with subjects in closed ecological systems radically different from those of submerged nuclear submarines, while psychological data may be obtained from the behavior of men in "micro-society." It should be noted that most of this space research and development involves flight in low earth orbit, where the basic vehicular problems have been solved and the period of useful returns is at hand.

There is, of course, the other side of the coin. Both the U.S. Air Force and the Russians have been using surveillance satellites for some years. "Inspection" of intelligence-gathering spacecraft will surely follow, and this could lead to disabling action against spacecraft, manned and unmanned, engaged in activities virtuous in ourselves but nefarious in others. The Air Force's Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL) is nothing but a preparatory model of a combat-type spacecraft.

Combat in space, which is to be distinguished from bombs in orbit, is not the worst innovation that can be imagined. From any rational viewpoint, space, the remoter the better, is surely the preferred place for military activity. Unfortunately, for the present at least, combat in space is almost certain to be in addition to, rather than a substitute for, combat on earth. However, none of this is an argument against NASA. It is not what it pretends to be—a wholly civilian agency—but it does promote some useful civilian activities and should be encouraged to enlarge this phase of its operations. As it is, the Air Force gives signs of pushing NASA for space funds at the $5 billion annual level by the mid- or early 1970s.

The most immediately salable effect of space enterprise is that it provides employment for large numbers of workers, ranging from scientist-engineers down to the technicians who replenish the Coke machines. Here we must distinguish between what should be and what is and, barring revolutionary change, will continue to be. As American society is constituted, no end of things that should be done are not done, or are done badly, while some activities, such as sending a deputation to Mars, receive a higher priority than they deserve by humanistic standards. Nevertheless trivial, senseless or even harmful activities enable employment to keep up more or less with disemployment, one of the perennial hazards of our kind of technological culture. Space is doing its part in keeping the economy from sliding back into the 1930s; therefore space is good—and isn't it better, actually, than many occupations that we tolerate?

The following are more or less educated guesses on future space development. First, men will almost certainly land on the moon and return to earth, though the odds against completing the round trip will be against the early arrivals. Eventually, small colonies of astronomers and other specialists may serve limited tours of duty. From such societies we might get new knowledge and insights. This assumes that if combat occurs in cislunar space it will not spread to the moon, or that there will be intervals of peaceful or even cooperative exploration.

Large-scale colonization of the moon is not taken seriously even by space enthusiasts. Any place lacking an oxygen-bearing atmosphere is dubious on that ground alone for long-term residence. The antarctic regions, which do have oxygen and where thermal conditions are less severe (except for wind) than on the moon, and which are easily reached by aircraft, are still practically uninhabited.

I am far from certain that men will reach Mars and Venus, but the chances are fifty-fifty, or better, if we are willing to pay the price—about $100 billion for Mars alone. I have a more decided opinion about the outer planets. It is conceivable that men will not desire to go beyond the terrestrial planets even if development of nuclear propulsion should make such journeys feasible. The orbit of Jupiter, the nearest of the outer planets, is at a mean distance of about five astronomical units, i.e., about five times as far from the sun as the earth, or about 480 million miles as compared with 93 million. Because of its enormous mass (for a planet, but still less than a thousandth of the mass of the sun) and the resulting gravitational characteristics, a landing on Jupiter's surface (assuming that it has a solid surface) would be suicidal, aside from the time required to get there. Its satellites would seem more feasible for landing purposes, but it is hard to see why exploration should not be carried out by unmanned probes. One thing is certain: it would be cheaper, though by no means inexpensive. The cost of an unmanned probe to Mars, even, is at least $2.3 billion.

If I could return to earth in 2067 for a review of these prognostications, I would no doubt be amazed by many technological marvels unconceived by the most farsighted engineers of today. If I were told that men had not been able to reach the moon I would be astonished—and mortified. But if I learned that Mars had been reached, but that it had proved impractical or not worth while to go farther, I would not be much surprised.

Although Mars (hence also Venus) may be feasible objectives, this by no means is to say that the jump beyond the moon is a natural progression. One of the impressions that came out of the bioastronautics conference (the sixth of a valuable NASA-Virginia Polytechnic Institute series on various aspects of space flight) is that our prepa-

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ration for the Mars mission is in a very early and primitive stage, and the difficulties that can be perceived, not to speak of the unexpected, make those of Apollo seem slight by comparison.

One set of difficulties centers about man himself; hence the pertinence of bioastronautics to missions of Mars magnitude. Such projects are known as 1,000-day missions. By some configurations it can be done in half that time, but the propulsive energy requirements are more within reason with the longer duration, and the re-entry speed less appalling. All these long-duration missions, however, present problems that will take a while to solve, if indeed they prove to be soluble.

By way of example, toxicologists are not sanguine about man's ability to withstand the build-up of initially minute quantities of contaminants in the spacecraft atmosphere. These microbiological poisons are virtually undetectable, but cumulatively they may have deleterious effects. The only way of finding out is ground-based simulation for periods as long as the actual mission. And unlike a long-duration earth-orbiting flight, which can be terminated if an astronaut is taken sick, serious illness on a 1,000-day mission would as likely as not be fatal to the astronaut involved and perhaps to his companions.

Dr. A. A. Thomas, director of the toxic hazards division of the biomedical laboratory at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, reported that ninety-seven trace contaminants were identified in the course of a twenty-seven-day manned experiment in a space cabin simulator. Twenty-one of these were attributed to the crew, the rest came from the materials in the cabin. Carbon monoxide increased from 1 milligram to as much as 25 milligrams per cubic meter, and this was with everything working normally. Carbon monoxide production in even a small fire, or contaminants released in large volume from some otherwise minor malfunctioning of equipment, could be lethal. Sickness which has only nuisance significance on earth could be extremely dangerous in space: for instance, vomiting, with release of particulate matter, or diarrhea, could produce emergency conditions. Nor, just because men are known to thrive in an atmosphere of pure oxygen and under weightless conditions for periods of a week or two, is it safe to assume that there would be no harmful effects over periods of months or years. Equally unknown is the effect of long confinement in a closed environment on the body's immunological system.

Merely to touch on another problem: the daily intake requirement per astronaut is estimated at 15 pounds a day for food, oxygen and water. This amounts to 2.7 tons annually per man. Techniques for regeneration of water and oxygen are well advanced, but the food problem for missions of long duration is not a slight one. Closed-cycle food systems, such as obtaining proteins from bacteria acting on body wastes, or cultivation of algae, have many unresolved questions.

NASA's problems are technical and budgetary. Although ruthless cuts in the 1968 budget are unlikely, the debate in Congress had ominous overtones. One member of the Senate space committee was quoted as saying: "We didn't want to put NASA out of business, but we had to placate the cannibals who wanted to cut even more." The "cannibals" wanted an across-the-board cut of $1 billion, and next time around they may get it.

Aside from Apollo, which is sure of respectful treatment, military and earth-oriented applications will be in earth orbit and these are most likely to emerge at the head of the breadline. Most members of Congress have little use for projects that do not promise immediate pork-barrel benefits, or that cannot be connected with wars in progress or in prospect, or that will not show the United States to advantage, militarily or technologically, vis-a-vis a rival. Another difficulty is that while a number of Congressmen have developed considerable expertise on space programs, most members have little idea of what it is all about, especially in relation to scientific aspects. Consequently, even assuming the best of intentions, NASA's most valuable contributions are most likely to be manhandled—unless the scientific community can convince the Congress of the folly of such an order of priority.

Space has another technological-political aspect that has had little attention but which may play a major role in the future. Our current social pathology is that of a country which is dissipating its resources of materials, machinery and skilled manpower in a war the end of which is not in sight, and in preparation for bigger wars to come, specifically the one against Red China. No nation has ever had the capability to deploy military manpower on anything approaching the present American scale; with supreme irony, that power, which might have a stabilizing influence, is being used in precisely the way the founding fathers repudiated—America going abroad in search of monsters to destroy. Simultaneously, America is going out into space, and while this venture has its military aspect, it is a continuation of man's exploration of the universe and carries with it neither the moral nor the military peril of our invasion of Southeast Asia, which even many "hawks" now feel was ill advised at its inception.

Both that war and the journey into space impair our ability to find solutions for the deterioration of American cities, and specifically for the problem of Negro disaffection, but in very different degree. The space agency's current budget is at most one-sixth of the billions being squandered annually in Vietnam, and only about one-fifteenth of the total $70 billion defense budget—less when the final returns on Vietnam are in and $70 billion mounts to $75 billion or $80 billion — assuming the Chinese stay out. Moreover, if NASA were severely cut there is little prospect that its loss would be a gain for the slums. It is much more likely that the Air Force would pick up the pieces. On this and the grounds previously cited, it seems that cuts in NASA's funding should be opposed, even by those who otherwise would not regard a slowing down of space activity as a national calamity.

Suppose, however, that the war were to end. Then, and only then, could national attention, national understanding and national will be focused on the most pressing internal problems. In the meantime NASA and its

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contractors are menaced by the pressure for cuts—cuts anywhere, everywhere, except for the war raging in Southeast Asia.

These budgetary slashes, moderate at present but drastic in prospect, bring into the realm of practical politics the question *The Nation* raised editorially ("Vietnam vs. Space," May 23, 1966) namely, whether the long- and medium-term interests of space administrators and workers are not opposed to the interests of those employed in materiel manufacture (munitions, military aircraft, tanks, artillery, etc.). The potential conflict is obscured by the fact that in aerospace, particularly, these essentially disparate activities are carried on by divisions of the same corporations. But, once space begins to suffer from Vietnam, or from some future extension of this type of warfare, the conflict which exists but is not yet articulated may come to expression.

The *Nation* editorial emphasized that such a clash would involve far more than favored places at the public trough: "aside from jobs, careers and incomes, the space people have created a vast complex of new technologies to which they are passionately devoted . . . [they] foresee a great future for themselves and their children—provided their claim on a cut of the national resources is recognized and the holocaust that would end it all can be avoided. The Vietnamese War forecloses that claim, invites the holocaust, and is a disgrace to a nation with the professed ideals of the U.S. . . ."

What is this—wishful thinking, or prophecy? It could be the former now and the latter later, since it applies not only to Vietnam and the 1968 budget; besides, in the meantime, civil disorder has become a potent factor and is taking on an ever more menacing character. The policy of revolutionary violence of the black power movement, however self-defeating it may be for the moment, is not to be dismissed from a long-term international perspective. These revolutionists base their plans on the undeniable fact that most of the world's population is desperately poor, as is the American Negro "under class." Both groups are teased and tormented by their exposure through the news media to American middle-class affluence. The result may be a succession of Vietnams, paralleled by Negro guerrilla warfare and terrorism in the United States.

These not implausible upheavals may fall short of nuclear war and genocide, but they could bring in their train concentration camps and copious bloodshed, with an explosive generation of war psychoses in the United States, which so far has been in the fortunate position of fighting its modern wars on foreign soil. In such extremity the armed services will get everything they want if, indeed, they do not take over the direction of the government under the assumed conditions. But what will space get—nonmilitary space or anything else that is halfway humane, useful, civilized?

To sum up NASA's prospects beyond the moon landing: the technical problems for manned deep space flight are formidable, the solutions will be expensive, the immediate returns are becoming less attractive in Congressional eyes. An ominous domestic and foreign situation for which no solution is in sight is developing and, by every indication, will be reflected in pressure on NASA's budgets and the business fortunes of space contractors. The handwriting is on the wall. But—as yet—there is nothing fated or irreversible about the prospect. And the space people are in a favorable position in one important respect—in a relative sense, what is good for them is good for the country too, and in serving their own interests they can be helping to control the malign forces that threaten us all.

NEW POLITICS AT CHICAGO

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Chicago

"Pinch me, Ernest," said the white-haired little lady from Wisconsin Citizens for Peace, as she stared about her in bewilderment. "I can't believe its all real." Hanging above her from the gilded balconies of the Palmer House Grand Ballroom, the banners of the New Politics Convention proclaimed "A NEW POLITICS IN 1968 AND BEYOND"—"FULL LIBERATION OF THE BLACKS"—"DON'T MOURN, ORGANIZE." Under the twinkling chandeliers, speakers marched across the richly carpeted floor to denounce the materialistic corruption of liberalism and demand a radical, revolutionary, irreversible change in the decision-making process of society. Television lights cut through the heavy haze that filled the high-ceilinged room, forcing the radicals to squint or wear sun glasses as they railed against the establishment press. It was so bizarre—so much a *melange* of McLuhanesque gimmicks, visual shocks and identity crises — that one hard-nosed newspaper man summed it up as a "pop convention." As if to pinch himself, Simon Casady, co-chairman of the National Conference of New Politics, told reporters: "The atmosphere has got a touch of absurdity about it, I admit, but the politics is *real* politics."

Whether new politics or real politics, the affair was a great deal more significant than a mere happening. [See editorial, "No Hope?" p. 261.] This band of disparate liberals, peaceniks, radical community organizers, militant and moderate blacks, had come to Chicago to agree on a strategy—perhaps even a set of candidates—to defeat President Johnson and end the war in Vietnam. They soon became preoccupied with the psychological mechanics of keeping one another in one room and one movement. Their announced goal was to redistribute power in society, but they spoke almost entirely about the dis-

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tribution of power within their own organization. And in the process of testing themselves—building what they eventually called "an alliance" between whites and blacks—they transformed their convention into a kind of 20th-century morality play on race relations. It was a play that did not challenge so much as it caricatured the one they attributed to the establishment.

The moving force in the drama was the black caucus—meeting continuously in secrecy, with shaven-headed bodyguards posted at the doors, shifting from one building and one room to another, staring fiercely at whites as they walked past them in the hallways, and taunting them as they solicited contributions for "our black brothers in the jails." Leaders of the convention knew only vaguely how many there were (estimates ranged from 200 to 600, though reporters never counted more than 180 entering a meeting room); the whites dealt with Carlos Russell, chosen by the blacks as leader through "African consensus" (none of the Negroes could remember ever having voted), a tall, articulate former anti-poverty worker from Brooklyn, whose charismatic speeches were flavored with the accent of his West Indian birthplace. Russell's band included African nationalists attired in African shirts and *faletas*; Northern ghetto militants wearing blue jeans and rimless tinted glasses, representatives from Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference in high-priced suits and ties, women from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in simple cotton dresses and young men from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in "black-power" T-shirts.

This caucus, playing on a cauldron of guilt, suppressed self-contempt, hatred and physical fear, brought the convention to its knees with two tests of sincerity—called "tests of the social barometer." In the first, presented during the opening plenary session, they demanded that the whites endorse—without amendment—thirteen principles in a black power resolution, including a condemnation of the "imperialist Zionist war" in the Middle East and all the statements of the Newark Black Power Conference. Then, after a taunting kick at participatory democracy by one of their leaders, James Forman of SNCC, they persuaded the convention to give them 50 per cent of the vote, a controlling share. Rarely did the blacks themselves speak for these demands; they preferred to leave the argument to white radicals and wait in the wings with their silent threat to withdraw. Not until the final session, in fact, did they all take their seats, then filing into the ballroom silently and glowering en masse. Though often bitterly divided among themselves, they refused to discuss or even reveal their differences to the rest of the convention.

Under pressure from the caucus, the 2,100 delegates debated the thirteen-principle black power resolution without once discussing the merits of the Newark pronouncements—few even knew what they were—or of the Israeli-Arab issue. They concentrated instead on their own responsibility for centuries of oppression, the failure of civil rights legislation, the hypocrisy of their fathers, brothers, etc. The ultimatum-threat would measure their personal commitment: "it is only fair of them," said Mike Eisenscher of the Milwaukee organizing committee, "to ask of us that we put up or shut up." "I don't agree with any of it," said a Maryland woman who asked not to be identified, "I just think we have to make some gesture." "I don't think what it says is important," said Donna Allen of the Washington Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, as she raised her delegate card in favor of the principles. "If we accept them, we've got to accept this." Eric Mann, a Newark community organizer who has spent several years working in the ghetto, warned that they were "browbeating" themselves into a "patronizing, condescending and manipulating view of blacks." But the delegates voted by a 3 to 1 margin to approve the principles and give the blacks "sole power" to amend them. If this was in fact a black power resolution, only blacks should have the right to say what would be in it.

The dominating argument for the second test was less the guilt of the whites than their simple weakness and incompetence. The case for the 50 per cent demand was couched in terms of "an equal voice" for the Negro minority—an example for the rest of the world to follow. But the proposal would plainly give the blacks much more than an equal voice, since they would be voting as a bloc against the splintered whites. Such control was right, one speaker after another argued, because the white radicals had no power base or constituency outside the convention, whereas the blacks could summon up their 17 million "brothers" in the ghettos (counting out 3 million as Negroes, or "Toms"). The blacks *were* the movement. "We are just a little tail," said Bertram Garskoff of the Ann Arbor Citizens for Peace, "on the end of a very powerful black panther. And I want to be on that tail—if they'll let me." Once they surrendered power, Garskoff said, the whites must "trust the blacks the way you trust children. . . . Now I don't mean to say it like that because these are very sophisticated people and they've taught the whites in here a hell of a lot."

This challenge to power and manhood produced frightened yelps from many of the New Politics leaders. "One thousand liberals are trying to become good radicals and they think they can do it by castrating themselves," charged Arthur Waskow, a member of the steering committee. "The black caucus came in and gave us a set of demands which they intended to act as a social barometer of where the whites stand," said Peter Weiss, a member of the executive board. "And we answered: 'We haven't got the imagination to figure it out—we stand wherever you say.' That is not a relationship out of which anything healthy can come."

When the whites passed this final test—voting again 3 to 1 to give the blacks control—the blacks rewarded them with ostentatious kindness. The sound and fury of their accusations and demands gave way to the hushed voice of young Russell, speaking with his black brothers behind him in a press conference: "This is the first time in my life that blacks have worked with whites on an equal basis." The resonant bongo drums and black power chants and phonograph recordings of civil rights demonstrations—which had echoed through the convention hall

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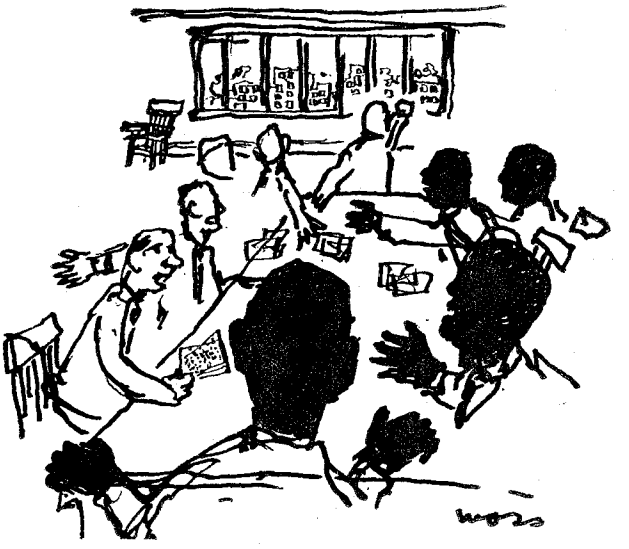
for four days—were suddenly silenced. The blacks seemed to remove their fearsome bearded masks of hatred—smiling down on the whites, and not just through them. "We are for togetherness," said Russell.

Nevertheless, this business of "building trust," as it was called, left the white delegates curiously drained and dispirited—with little time or energy for the subject originally closest to most of their hearts: formulating a strategy for 1968 and "beyond." After a comparatively short debate, and several backstage compromises, the delegates approved a strategy resolution that ruled out a nation-wide Presidential peace ticket or party but encouraged groups in individual states to mount their own candidates and campaigns if they could muster sufficient financial and popular support. The strategy provided for a nominating convention to coordinate campaigns in different states, but it clearly emphasized sustained local organizing, aimed at a local redistribution of power, and convention leaders expected peace tickets in only about six or seven states. In effect, the strategy focused on the "beyond," rather than on 1968. It was thus a clear victory for the white community organizers who feared that a national campaign would detract from their efforts to build a revolutionary movement at the grass-roots level, "from the bottom up." It bitterly disappointed many of the delegates from moderate peace groups, who believed that with black support a nation-wide peace ticket might hold a sort of balance between the major parties in a 1968.

The blacks, moreover, for all their talk of alliance, refused to drop their anti-Israel principle from the black power resolution. This measure, many of the peace delegates felt, would be fatal to any candidate associated with the New Politics group. Rev. Martin Luther King himself sent a secret last-minute appeal through his aide, Jose Williams. Dr. Benjamin Spock, prominently mentioned as a King running mate, also expressed hope that the blacks might decide to significantly modify the statement. But the black caucus recommended only that the principle be changed to condemn the Israeli Government, instead of "imperialist Zionist war." Some of the New Politics organization's largest contributors, including Martin Peretz and his wife, indicated that they were through with the group.

Many of the blacks were equally uneasy—even unhappy—in the coalition produced by these tumultuous doings. They were not only contemptuous of the whites for the ease with which they capitulated but offended by what they regarded as a more subtle and pernicious form of paternalism. "I don't think they understood these demands at all," said Roy Ennis, leader of the Harlem Congress of Racial Equality. "This patronizing thing is just a new trick of keeping the natives happy. I think they feel, many of them, that they can co-opt or capture us—it's the same old desire of whites to use blacks." "Its just self-flagellation," remarked a national leader privately. Many wondered why they had chosen to ally with a white group that lacked both financial power and popular following. "I don't make alliances with someone weaker," said Ennis, "they would have to use our power base."

The black leaders had insisted, after all, that Negroes would no longer ally with whites out of love or brotherhood — only out of self-interest, and only when they were ready. "No one who has not suffered as we have," James Forman had told them, "has the right to dictate the forms of our struggle." "I don't believe black people are in a position to coalesce with anybody at this time and age," Floyd McKissick, national CORE leader, had said. "We have to build our own position." And McKissick had insisted: "No longer can black people be a plank in somebody else's platform." If the blacks commanded the crucial sources of power in the ghetto—through electoral politics, as well as uprisings — why



should they tie the white radicals around their necks? Lost somewhere in the flush of victory were self-interest and self-determination.

And who were these radicals they had gained as allies? Were they strong, self-confident determined workers? No, admitted Paul Booth, an executive board member and long-time community organizer. "Most of them are just liberals trying to show they're different from their parents, or the people back home." Some in the group, like Booth, Todd Gitlin, Mike James, John Maher, Mann and others, were dedicated radicals, who have worked in the ghetto, organizing the poor to gain power against the establishment. But the vast majority were more like Peggy Brennan, a 42-year-old Nassau County mother of three, who got involved in politics seven years ago and is now running for county clerk on the United for Peace ticket. Her revolutionary program, she says, has no name: "When I married my husband seventeen years ago, I didn't have to give it a name or describe it. He knew my needs and I knew his—call it life." Or Robert Kealy, of Oconomowoc, Wis., who retired as a government attorney two years ago at the age of 49 to begin studying for a degree in comparative literature at the University of Wisconsin. "I always thought of myself as a liberal," says Kealy, a small, balding man. "I voted for the [black power] resolution because the blacks had a right to formulate their own position and not have it

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formulated by someone else." Or Frank Parker, a 26-year-old government attorney who graduated from Oberlin, Oxford University and Harvard Law School and who works part time for Concerned Citizens for Peace in Washington, D.C. "Don't get hung up on this word radical," he says, "it's what you do that counts."

Few of the committed community organizers had a developed or concrete program to offer the blacks. "Community organizing has become as American as cherry pie," Todd Gitlin told a Vietnam Summer caucus, "it's only a method; we need to give it some political content." The radical ideology, Booth admitted, was at best one of "bits and pieces." For all the heated and tedious discussions within the radical caucus, they were no more sure of that political content at the end than when they arrived.

The attempt to wring an alliance out of tests of sincerity and faith, divorced from tangible issues or interests, thus only increased distrust and doubt. By forcing the whites to take this kind of personal, soul-searching test, the conference in effect compelled them to gloss over important differences if not to falsify their real feelings on some of the issues. What the whites offered the blacks was contempt for the white middle class—springing from self-contempt—that affirmed something about the power of being black. But that self-contempt, as Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts* warned, would cut the whites off from their potential constituency—"our own parents, sisters, the kids on the block, the guys who hold down normal jobs." Until the radicals could "reach normal America," he said, "we're not going to develop a base and we're going to be useless."

The whole affair might be dismissed as a work of the theatre of the absurd—if it did not bear so striking a resemblance to what delegates to the National Student Association's Congress did only a few weeks before. This group of nice middle-class white liberals (they had no aversion to being placed in that category), acceded to demands from their own black caucus that they endorse a black power resolution without amendment. The resolution called for liberation of the blacks "by any means necessary"—a phrase which opponents argued would condone violence and which supporters preferred to leave ambiguous. But the issue for the blacks was not so much the content of the resolution as it was the test of faith. The whites first turned down the phrase, but reversed themselves after the blacks threatened to walk out.

In both instances, the blacks argued that whites should not be allowed to amend the resolutions because they would be altering a document written by blacks to "define themselves." "This is a statement of black power," argued Fred Patten, a student at California State College in Los Angeles attending the NSA congress. "They have been defining us for 300 years. If we allow them to change this, we allow them to define us again—just the way they will call us Negro instead of black." Neither whites nor blacks at these conventions realized that if these resolutions were in fact self-definitions, it would be meaningless, even dishonest, for whites to try to approve them and take them as their own. Whites, in effect, would be attempting to redefine themselves—a ludicrous, as well as humiliating task. If not allowed to amend the resolutions to express themselves, they would at best be patting the blacks on the head for a job well done, or co-opting them—both of which run directly counter to the spirit of the resolution.

The delegates at the New Politics convention thus adopted one of the aspects of the old politics to which they objected most strongly: the tendency of politicians to substitute vague statements of solidarity and love for coalitions for action based on real interests. In the old politics, at least, the statements were accepted as meaningless, but the honesty of the New Politics requires that they be taken literally. The New Politics delegates tried to bring more human warmth into political contention—"Make love more possible," as Carl Oglesby of Students for a Democratic Society would say—and at the same time make politics more real. But they shifted the focus of their strategy for a short-term immediate issue on which they were all united (ending the war in Vietnam) to a longer-range tactic on which their real interests differed very sharply (local organizing). This tactic was only a method of politicking—bereft of goals, program or interests that would give it political meaning. To paper over their differences and furnish some basis for unity, the convention leaders then had to turn to tests that were almost entirely emotional—centered on "the spirit of resolution," as Garskoff put it, rather than "the principle"—and equally unrelated to anybody's real interests. They appealed to "personal commitment," "true feeling" and "sincerity." Through their New Politics they attempted to apply on a mass level relationships of love and trust which they knew deep down could only be meaningful on an individual level.

The New Politics radicals feared being taken on their own terms—real interests—because they recognized very early what Roy Ennis later pointed out: "Why should I negotiate with the whites here? They've got nothing to deliver. I'd rather bargain with the power structure." Their convention demonstrated that a New Politics based on abstract tests of inner motive may be even more corrupting than the old politics—and ludicrous without power.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 258)*

view, from the middle of the heap, was different from Mr. Chancellor's from the top, but since most of the policy disputes never reach the director's desk, his view from the top was not necessarily better than mine. . . .

VOA was, in many ways, a good place to work, one of the reasons being the courtesy and consideration of Mr. Chancellor and his colleagues at all levels. But there comes a time when some decide, for whatever reason, that it is time to leave. Some, like Mr. Chancellor, make that decision within a couple of years; others of us, often to our regret, take longer. But since Mr. Chancellor and I, from our different viewpoints of status and philosophy, both have the best interests of VOA in mind, perhaps this airing of our differences is useful.

Finally, I prefer the second of the two definitions my dictionary gives me for "fie": humorous pretence of being shocked. *Richard J. Walton*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The New Novel, USA: Thomas Pynchon

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoon *(Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

We speak of writers as emerging, as if in our mind's eye the literary world were a stage and apprentice writers waited in the wings, or a sea where writers surface like submarines, or a world into which they are born from the womb of the muse. The stage, the surface sea, the world, belong to criticism and literary history; the wings, the depths, and the womb to sociology and the history of taste. Writers, in a different metaphor, make up an iceberg, with only a thin sharp edge showing in the open air, visible to the critics and the public unwilling to dive. But at the present moment no metaphor seems quite appropriate for the generation of American writers under 30. From this generation so far only one fiction writer, Thomas Pynchon, has emerged above the surface: and few could guess how vast or sturdy the iceberg is beneath him. This fact clashes so strongly both with historical precedent and with the contemporary experience of other art forms that it cannot help but illuminate the status and prospects of American fiction today.

From the 1890s on, every young American generation—until the present one—found its voice and proclaimed its special vision through the art of fiction. Of breakthroughs and new starts the sixties have seen many—but they have come from writers already past the age of 30, like Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and John Barth. The children of the Great Depression have produced, astonishingly, almost no visible literature, nor have their younger brothers and sisters born during the Second World War. Graduate fellowships may have stolen the energies of young writers, the hippie ethic may have immobilized them, or activism pulled them out into a different world. Perhaps they may come back from these diversions, like Conrads from the sea, to write mature and worldly novels.

The fact remains that young people read fiction but, on the whole, they do not write it. They do write poetry. They write songs and sing them. They paint, they sculpt, they play instruments, make films, dance, design happenings. Young people have made a considerable contribution, here and there a major contribution, to all the arts except the art of fiction. If fiction has not completely lost its relevance as an art form to creative young people, then it languishes in a period of biding time; since fiction is tied more closely to events and ideas than other arts, perhaps it stands in a fallow period, assimilating new configurations, as happened in the mid-19th century after Darwin and the early 20th after Freud. In this perspective, Thomas Pynchon is far more than, dutifully recognized, the only known and therefore leading writer of the under-30s; for more than any other contemporary American novelist he has succeeded, in two interesting, intelligent and serious novels, in absorbing and transforming new scientific and philosophical perspectives within his art.

Pynchon was born in 1937 and attended Cornell University, where as an undergraduate he published his first story, "Mortality and Mercy in Vienna," in *Epoch*. Soon after leaving Cornell he published three short stories—"Under the Rose," in *Noble Savage #3*; "Entropy," in *The Kenyon Review*, and "Low-lands" in *New World Writing #16*—which earned him an immediate reputation among the narrow but intense circle of short-story readers. His novel *V.* won the Faulkner prize as the best first novel of its year, 1963. His second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, published last year and received with far less warmth from reviewers and readers of fiction, won as compensation an award given annually to a meritorious novel that criticism and commerce have unjustly slighted.

Besides the novels he has published in the past five years only one story, "The Secret Integration," in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a magazine essay on Los Angeles in *The New York Times Magazine*. The critical point in Pynchon's career so far lies in the radical shift in literary focus he undertook to make from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49*. To say that the second novel is a better and more important novel than the first is not simply a way of scoring an easy victory over dull reviewers or doggedly insisting on a principle of growth. To grasp the nature of Pynchon's shift, for its artistic and intellectual value, and as a liberating gesture in its own right, is to take the measure of his wider significance for contemporary American fiction.

As a liberating gesture, Pynchon's shift from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49* broke him free from the constricting limitations of belonging to a "school" and writing in a genre. One reason the second novel proved disappointing to some admirers of the first, in fact, was its failure to fulfill the stereotyped expectations they had held for him. Yet even if *V.* wears a "black-humor" label, and stands as one of the most intricate and elaborate novels in that genre, it accomplishes a good deal more than that. One who rereads *V.* in the light of *The Crying of Lot 49* may come to feel that *V.* is itself a liberating gesture, a gesture of liberation from nearly all the styles and forms of fiction that have preceded it.

As *Catch-22* may be the first American novel truly to have attained a Cubist form in its treatment of space and time, so *V.* may be the first American novel of collage, an abstract composition put together with parodies of spy novels, political novels, adventure novels, decadent novels, romances, utopias and whatever other category the ingenious mind can find. *V.* may be doomed to the fate that befell *Finnegans Wake*, as Edmund Wilson described it, to go directly from the pen of the author into the hands of the schoolmasters. This is not the place to begin the task of critical dissection to which *V.* is foreordained; but when that job is done the attentive explicator will find that one of the principal subjects of parody in *V.* is the "black-humor" style itself.

Read in the light of *The Crying of Lot 49*, then, *V.* does not appear as a launching platform for a style or a subject but rather as an isolated object or as an ending. That novel published in

In this and subsequent issues, a group of mainly younger critics will attempt to define and evaluate the form and direction being taken by contemporary American fiction. Our critics will include Charles Thomas Samuels discussing Norman Mailer; Stephen Koch on Susan Sontag; Shaun O'Connell on the fictional side of William Styron's new novel (based on the life of Nat Turner), and Herbert Aptheker on the historical side; and Leonard Kriegel on the effectiveness of current Vietnam war novels, among others. Mr. Sklar's essay on Thomas Pynchon is the first in the series.

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1963 seems in 1967 not so much a contemporary work as a historical work, a novel that reflects the moods of the late fifties in America and the style of the early sixties. Part of this feeling, if it is an accurate one, may be attributed to a stylistic trait of the novel common to many works in the "black-humor" genre, a style deliberately constructed to put a distance between the reader and the work, as if the novel were a game drawing on the reader's mental faculties but deliberately excluding his emotions.

The natural reaction to this sort of reading experience is to feel admiration for the author, for his ingenuity or his imagination or his nihilism or his guts, and feel almost nothing for the novel itself. In contrast the reader, for example, of *The Sound and the Fury* invests his primary feelings into the matter of the work itself, and responds to the skill of the author only secondarily, as a deliberated afterthought. *V.* is like a riddle that once correctly answered never taxes the mind again; *The Crying of Lot 49* is founded in an emotion of mystery, an emotion which remains, inviolate and mysterious, even when the outward mystery is solved. *V.* is a complex novel that gets simpler with each rereading, *The Crying of Lot 49* a simple novel that reread grows more complex.

V. is chiefly memorable for what its earlier admirers called its vast warehouses of information, its immense knowledgeability, its prodigies of research. If one function of the novel, as Mary McCarthy once suggested, has been to provide facts, to let the reader know how to catch a whale or cut a field of hay, Pynchon's *V.* may rank as one of the most encyclopedic founts of facts in the history of the novel. In *V.* the reader may find out how to perform a nose operation; how the Germans wiped out the native population of South West Africa before the First World War; how British espionage agents operated in the Middle East since the time of Kitchener; a good part of the history of Malta in this century, and much more. How much one may care to rely on Pynchon's facts is another matter; this reader, at least, has not yet taken the trouble to verify Pynchon's account of Wilhelmian Germany's African policies or of Maltese political life; and given Pynchon's propensity to parody the fictional styles which have conveyed this sort of subject in the past, it might be wise not to make any bets on the basis of what one reads in *V.* In any case the truth of Pynchon's details, or even their significance, is not a matter that deeply engages the reader's concern.

Form and style in *The Crying of Lot 49* combine to give a far greater resonance to facts, but a much more striking comparison can be made between Pynchon's very good short story, "Under the Rose," and the chapter of *V.* into which that story later was transformed. "Under the Rose" is a poignant story of a few days in the life of a British spy in the Middle East, ending with his death. The story is far from simple, but it is tightly controlled, and the effect is tragicomic, an exceptionally fine fusion of emotional depth and historical breadth; more than anything else Pynchon has written, "Under the Rose" justifies the claims of some critics who link him to the tradition of Nathanael West. In the novel the focus is fragmented among eight different narrative voices, and the culmination of the action is deliberately shrouded in mystery. Pynchon obviously was reshaping the material to fit the larger thematic purposes of the novel, but undeniably the narrative form diffuses the reader's attention and ultimately his concern for the characters and their fate.

Nevertheless, Pynchon has created in *V.* an aura of formidable intellectual competence, and nowhere more significantly than in his mastery of scientific and technical subjects, particularly physics and electronic technology. It may be that no American novelist before Pynchon—science-fiction writers not excepted—has brought so thorough and so prepared a scientific intelligence to bear on modern life, and this capacity to include in the novel the pervasive scientific and technological aspects of our day-to-day lives rather than to neglect them through ignorance, may make *V.* a landmark of the novel in yet another sense.

It is true, though, that Pynchon dissipates this competence by expending it on a theme beloved of science-fiction writers and their cousins among black humorists, the battle between men and machines, between the power of animation and the power of the inanimate. Perhaps the struggle of humans against the inanimate which pervades *V.* is one more aspect of Pynchon's satire, almost a self-parody of a black-humor thematic stock in trade. On a different level it is an aspect of Pynchon's even more pervasive concern with dualisms, with worlds and anti-worlds and worlds within worlds. At the heart of Pynchon's imagination lies not science and technology, nor the parody and wild humor which are so much a part of his style but a sense of mystery, a vision of fantasy, that expresses itself in dualisms, in images of surface and depth, of mirrors, of secret societies and hidden worlds.

The prime mystery of *V.*, of course, is the mystery of V. herself, as a woman in many guises—Victoria Wren, Hedwig Vogelsang, Veronica Manganese, a mysterious woman in Paris, the Bad Priest killed in Malta—as a bald cipher that is charged with greater resonance with every repetition, until the eye responds to every capital letter V as if it were inked in red: Veronica the rat, Vheissu the fantasy land beyond the deserts and the mountains, Venezuela, the V-Note jazz club, Valletta, the capital of Malta, and the Vatican, Voce del Popolo, Birth of Venus, Ponte Vecchio, Via Cavour, Queen Victoria. Who is V.? The British espionage agent, Sidney Stencil, one of her lovers, in 1899 had written in his journal: "There is more behind and inside V. than any of us had suspected. Not who, but what: what is she? God grant that I may never be called upon to write the answer, either here or in any official report."

Pynchon, however, does feel called upon to write the answer, and he raises few mysteries in *V.* for which he does not quite openly and obviously provide the solution. But to answer who she is in her many masks is not to answer Sidney Stencil's question, what she is, and that question Pynchon leaves to his exegetes. It is true that a Freudian or a Jungian explication would serve the book quite comfortably, though Pynchon has dropped his broadest hints in the service of a historico-philosophical interpretation. One of the principal changes Pynchon made in revising "Under the Rose" for the novel, curiously, was rigorously to eliminate the word "apocalypse" each of the many times it appeared in the short story. Yet he still tosses "apocalypse" around so much in *V.* that its face is rubbed smooth, and one can barely make out its features.

The reverberations of that word, however, lead the attentive reader inexorably toward a historical interpretation for the novel, an interpretation that may encompass a meaning for 20th-century history — history since that portentous day in "Under the Rose" when Kitchener and Marchand collided at Fashoda—and one that must come to terms with the revolutionary stances which Pynchon so noticeably adopts. All the answers to the puzzles of *V.*, and all the possible interpretations of its meaning and significance will one day be given to us in the scholarly studies for which *V.* seems almost to have been made; one leaves them here in a half-completed form because their true completion may be found, not in an explication of *V.* but in Pynchon's second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49.*

Pynchon's radical shift in literary focus from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49* took the shape not of new themes and images but rather changes in form and tone that significantly altered the value of old themes and images. His verbal playfulness, puns and jokes are reduced in quantity rather than intensity, and

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are made to serve the movement of the novel. Factual materials remain as important to the second novel as to the first, but where in *V.* the facts seemed to have been real but not necessarily true, Pynchon quite obviously invented the "historical facts" in *The Crying of Lot 49* for the purpose of the novel and thereby made them more plausible, artistically more true. The form of *V.*, moreover, exaggerated the sense of mystery and the aura of an exotic unknown, though Pynchon too often broke in and disengaged the mystery by providing explanations. In *The Crying of Lot 49*, the form of the novel centers on the normal and the everyday: strange events are explained earnestly and straightforwardly, yet the aura of mystery obstinately grows. And finally, whatever sense of mystery remained in *V.* was focused and contained by the past, where in *The Crying of Lot 49* the feeling of mystery that will not down comes inexorably to rest in the present and the future.

The Crying of Lot 49 is the story of how Mrs. Oedipa Maas discovers a world within her world, an anti-world, an adversary world—or invents one in her imagination. She has been named co-executor for the estate of a California financier named Pierce Inverarity, with whom, before her marriage, she had had a brief affair. In Mexico City with Pierce she had seen a painting that had made her cry: a painting of frail girls held prisoner in a circular tower, that made her recognize that she too was imprisoned in a tower, "that what really keeps her where she is is magic, anonymous and malignant, visited on her from outside and for no reason at all."

When the novel opens Oedipa is already primed to find a new magic to deliver her from the malignant magic that has her in its spell. Driving into the Southern California suburb where Pierce had lived, she looks down on the neat pattern of uniform houses and thinks of a time when she looked at a printed circuit inside a transistor radio —"there were to both outward patterns a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning, of an intent to communicate. There'd seemed no limit to what the printed circuit could have told her (if she had tried to find out); so in her first minute of San Narcisco, a revelation also trembled just past the threshold of her understanding. Smog hung all round the horizon, the sun on the bright beige countryside was painful; she and the Chevy seemed parked at the center of an odd religious instant." *Shall I project a world?* Oedipa writes later in her notebook. Oedipa comes upon her new magic—to adopt language which Pynchon's reference to religion validates —in an immanent world which gradually becomes more and more imminent.

The adversary world reveals itself to Oedipa through the symbol of a muted post horn and also by signs bearing the initials WASTE or w.a.s.t.e. These signs and symbols represent an underground postal system which operates parallel to or in direct subversion (through forged stamps and cancellations) of the U.S. Post Office. Oedipa pursues the long history of this secret system through investigations into the arcane byways of bibliography—a good part of the novel centers on the performance of a mock Jacobean revenge play, *The Courier's Tragedy*, and the tracing of its various texts and editions—and philately, giving Pynchon an opportunity to display his intellectual ingenuity in two fields he neglected to cover in *V.*..

But the backbone of Pynchon's intellectual structure in *The Crying of Lot 49* as in *V.* is science, and in the second novel he develops a scientific metaphor far more rich and more original than the animate-inanimate dichotomy he borrowed or parodied in *V.* As with *V.*, Pynchon set down the new theme even more precisely in a preliminary short story, "Entropy," of which, however, only the theme carried over to the novel. In physics the term entropy applies to the second law of thermodynamics. It describes loss of energy, or the amount of energy unavailable for use in a thermodynamic system. Henry Adams borrowed this idea for his essay, "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," in which he calculated the running down of intellectual energy on earth — Thought would reach the limits of its possibilities, he postulated, in the year 1921.

Henry Adams' concept of entropy lies at the core of Pynchon's story of that title, but the concept of entropy most important for *The Crying of Lot 49* derives from communications and information theory, particularly as that term was discussed by the mathematician Norbert Wiener. In *The Human Use of Human Beings* and in *Cybernetics*, Wiener argued against the pessimism which the second law of thermodynamics had engendered in Henry Adams and others. He agreed that the universe's energy would surely run down some day, but at a given moment in a given part of the system there were forces powerful enough to decrease entropy, to increase the amount of available energy in that part. "We may well regard living organisms," Wiener wrote, "such as Man himself, in this light." In *The Crying of Lot 49* Pynchon takes up not only the scientific significance of Wiener's viewpoint but its obvious social and political significance as well. The w.a.s.t.e. system puts to use moral and human energies that the surface

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system—the United States Government and the dominant American mode of life, as Pynchon makes explicit—lets go to waste.

The Crying of Lot 49 is a radical political novel. Where in *V.* and in "Under the Rose" Pynchon tossed out an idea of political apocalypse with bravado and as if to scare the liberals, in *The Crying of Lot 49* he never uses the word "apocalypse" but rather builds a concept and a structure of revolution right into the form of the novel. Unexpectedly Oedipa runs across a Mexican anarchist she and Pierce had once argued with in Mexico. The anarchist says to her:

> You know what a miracle is. Not what Bakunin said. But another world's intrusion into this one. Most of the time we coexist peacefully, but when we do touch there's cataclysm. Like the church we hate, anarchists also believe in another world. Where revolutions break out spontaneous and leaderless, and the soul's talent for consensus allows the masses to work together without effort, automatic as the body itself. And yet, sena, if any of it should ever really happen that perfectly, I would also have to cry miracle. An anarchist miracle.

The Crying of Lot 49, too, in this sense, is an anarchist miracle, a novel which not only postulates another world but creates with the truth of art another world's intrusion into this one.

It is perhaps idle to talk of an American tradition in the novel, but one of the unmistakable virtues of *The Crying of Lot 49* is its success in making new and contemporary a traditional concern of the great American novelists—the creation, through the style and form of their fiction, of a social system more true to their national ideals than the existing political and social system. *The Crying of Lot 49* ends with Oedipa Maas awaiting the auctioning of the lot of postage stamps which will prove whether the muted post horn symbol and the w.a.s.t.e. signs form only a web to snare her paranoia or, in truth, the communication network of another world.

For all his philosophical and scientific competence, for all his revolutionary political inclinations, Pynchon is above all an artist; and the ending of *The Crying of Lot 49* makes clear what the Argentine Jorge Luis Borges meant when he wrote in an essay, "that imminence of a revelation that is not yet produced is, perhaps, the aesthetic reality." One would like to say of *The Crying of Lot 49* what T. S. Eliot said of *The Great Gatsby,* that it represents the first step forward for American fiction in some time: for if the road ahead for fiction lies in the direction Borges in his stories has pointed, toward greater philosophical and metaphysical sophistication, Pynchon surely ranks as the most intelligent, most audacious and most accomplished American novelist writing today.

NIGHTS

Now the room is silent.
The venom must have
Spilled to the next ***room.***

HARVEY SHAPIRO

Dorothy Richardson in Limbo

PILGRIMAGE. *By Dorothy M. Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf. 2,110 pp. $30.*

DOROTHY RICHARDSON: An Adventure in Self-Discovery. *By Horace Gregory. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 114 pp. $4.95.*

RICHARD FREEDMAN

Mr. Freedman teaches at Simmons College and the Harvard Extension. He has written for The Kenyon Review, Book Week *and* Saturday Review.

A decade after her death, the reputation of Dorothy Richardson remains an equivocal one. Frequently cited in textbooks on the novel as one of the originators and finest practitioners of the stream-of-consciousness method, Dorothy Richardson has been bracketed with such 20th-century giants as Proust, Joyce and Virginia Woolf. What she has lacked has been readers.

Pilgrimage was originally published in twelve installments beginning in 1915 and reaching semi-completion in the ominous year 1938, when few readers had the equanimity to plow through its more than 2,000 pages. The new edition appends a previously unpublished final section, "March Moonlight," found among the author's papers at her death.

To her first readers Dorothy Richardson must have seemed willfully eccentric and *avant-garde,* especially in her avoidance of "plot." A half-century later she appears doomed to occupy the limbo of the Historically Important. Today her long work reads like a hyper-inflated Edwardian *Bildungsroman,* the kind of novel that painfully details each faltering step in its hero's intellectual, emotional and spiritual development. It is no accident that in her Foreword, Dorothy Richardson pays tribute to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister,* the first real *Bildungsroman,* and to Arnold Bennett, whose *Clayhanger* is the best example of the genre in her own period. Still another Edwardian, H. G. Wells, encouraged her to write, had a brief affair with her, and appears as a major character, Hypo Wilson, in the novel. Profoundly influenced, too, by Charlotte Brontë's *Villette,* Dorothy Richardson turned her eyes at least as much to the literary past as to the future.

The major pleasure *Pilgrimage* affords now is as a period piece, both in its subject matter and its technique. The years 1890-1915 are richly evoked in all the material detail for which Virginia Woolf took the Edwardian novelists to task in "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown." As a chronicler of those years, always through the myopic but piercing eyes of her heroine, Miriam Henderson, Dorothy Richardson is unsurpassed. The emotions of a well-brought-up girl on smoking her first cigarette, the suffragette movement, radical talk in Soho cafés, English schoolgirls in Germany, all saturate the novel in the flavor of the time.

But the great novelists with whom Dorothy Richardson is so often compared have more going for them than this. Where *Pilgrimage* fails in comparison to Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist,* Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* or Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* is in the inadequacy of Miriam Henderson as the focal figure for such an inordinate weight of analysis of emotion. Where Joyce's Stephen Dedalus has a "dewy wet soul," Miriam's is merely damp.

If one is going to write a work about oneself as long as *Pilgrimage,* it helps to have the verbal wizardry and the sense of humor of a Joyce or a Proust. Dorothy Richardson's language is pedestrian, and she is totally humorless in her dogged pursuit of the "important ideas" of her time. This is a severe limitation because the ideas she considered so important are now *vieux jeu* indeed, while, paradoxically, Proust's dilettante dabbling with the *petite madeleine* will resonate forever.

Dorothy Richardson herself mentions Proust in her Foreword as someone who, like her, was "producing an unprecedentedly profound and opulent reconstruction of experience focused from within the mind of a single individual." But she is chary of the term "stream of consciousness," which was first applied to her work by a fellow novelist, May Sinclair. More accurately, *Pilgrimage* is an omniscient narrative with a rigorously restricted point of view, in the manner of James, but lacking his high intelligence and moral sensitivity.

Pilgrimage differs, too, from such stream-of-consciousness novels as Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* in the way in which it renders material detail. We see the London of *Mrs. Dalloway* exclusively as it

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impinges on the consciousness of Clarissa and other major figures in the book. The material settings of *Pilgrimage* remain independent of Miriam's perception of them. They are externalized in a conventionally Edwardian way, and occupy at least as much space in the novel as Miriam's mind does.

Horace Gregory's essay, beefed up to book length by the inclusion of long, not very relevant quotations and even less relevant digressions on Byron, Shelley and Violet Hunt, is hardly the magic "key to the author and achievement of *Pilgrimage*" that its jacket proclaims it to be. Having read Dorothy Richardson's letters (as extensive, he tells us, as her novel!), Gregory has come to the conclusion that *Pilgrimage* "is closer to the art of autobiography than to fiction," and is, in fact, "an extended memoir."

Mr. Gregory then glibly refers throughout his book to "Dorothy-Miriam" or to "Hypo-Wells." Wells himself called *Pilgrimage* "a very curious experiment in autobiography." Part of its curiousness must be a fictional element sufficiently strong to preclude so easy an identification between author and heroine; and surely Walter Allen is correct when he says, in his brief but sensible introduction to the novel, that "there is still a world of difference between autobiography and an autobiographical novel, and we have no more right to see Dorothy Richardson and Miriam Henderson as interchangeable and synonymous than we have Joyce and Stephen Dedalus or Lawrence and Paul Morel."

By making precisely such an unsophisticated—and undocumented—identification his shaky major premise, Gregory is able to construct a narrative which takes us through the novel, keying major episodes to Dorothy Richardson's life.

Dorothy Richardson seems to have been goaded into writing in the first place by a childhood which was quiet on the surface, but which seethed, in a characteristically Victorian way, with the usual sexual turmoil exacerbated by a stygian, pre-Freudian ignorance. Her mother stabbed herself to death with a kitchen knife when Dorothy was 22, an event which filled the author with personal guilt only partly expunged in the last section of her novel.

Her father's betrayal of her was even more grotesque. A grocer by birth, a gentleman by volition, and a failure at both, Charles Richardson determined that he wanted a son after having been presented with two daughters. Undismayed by reality, he "dealt with his disappointment by making her a favorite daughter and calling her 'my son'" throughout his life. Small wonder that *Pilgrimage* teems with Lesbian episodes, and that in it, the wrongs perpetrated by men on women loom disproportionately large.

Charles Richardson's follies were financial as well, necessitating Dorothy's getting a job as quasi-governess in a German school (the material for "Pointed Roofs," the first section of the novel), and later, as secretary to a London dentist. Gregory's account, thin as it is, of her struggles to keep financially afloat without compromising her art, is harrowing. Encumbered with a chronically ill and unsuccessful artist, Alan Odle, whom she married in 1917, she found herself translating mediocre French and German books, and even writing for *The Dental Record*.

Such heroism demands our respect. One only wishes that the novel it produced were as triumphant a vindication of the sacrifices endured while writing it as, in all fairness, it should have been. But *Pilgrimage* remains a curious monstrosity, an eccentric offshoot in the history of fiction, rather than a legitimate masterpiece.

The Mind of the Exile

FERDYDURKE. *By Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. 272 pp. $5.*

PORNOGRAFIA. *By Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Alastair Hamilton. 191 pp. $5. (Both Grove Press.)*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

Witold Gombrowicz is an exile. He is a man who has been left out, and who has left himself out. For almost thirty years, the circumstances of war and politics have kept him from his native Poland. And yet there is a more permanent exile embedded in his character: a rootlessness and brittle resonance marking the sensibility and style of his novels.

Gombrowicz's first novel, *Ferdydurke*, was published in Poland before the war, and was very well received. Soon after, however, he left Europe, fleeing not only the war which already threatened but also, it would seem, the burden of his own recognition. He settled in Argentina where he lived, entirely unknown, for more than twenty years.

Ferdydurke, however, continued to lead an underground existence in Poland. Although it was never republished, copies of the book circulated among Polish intellectuals after the war. Expressions from its rich bestiary of human behavior became part of the language. When the events of 1956 brought about a brief cultural thaw, it is not surprising that one of the first acts of the new intelligentsia was to re-issue *Ferdydurke*. Again it was a great success. Too great. For the government, soon after, withdrew the book from circulation. Its humor was too well suited to the rebellious mood of the Polish intellectuals.

This time, however, the novel was noticed abroad, particularly in France, where *Ferdydurke* and a new novel, *Pornografia*, were quickly translated. Gombrowicz's popularity in France was, and remains, enormous. His play, *The Marriage*, was produced several years ago, and is still talked about. His *Journal*, short stories *(Bakakai)*, new novel *(Cosmos)* and other writings, have all been translated into French. The two novels issued last spring by Grove Press mark the first step in the announced publication of Gombrowicz's complete works in English.

Although *Ferdydurke* and *Pornografia*

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are separated by more than twenty years, they form together an appropriate entry into the world of Gombrowicz's imagination. Both explore the precarious tyranny of the "adult": the tyranny of "man" over "boy," of style and form over the "green" shapelessness, the beauty and "inferiority" of youth.

This is the theme to which Gombrowicz returns again and again, as if he needed to resolve its fascination anew each time he wrote. Man is in love with his own "inferiority." He distrusts what he has become: a face, a moral whole, and loves only what he despises: his youth, the corrosive "unseriousness" of "the boy," "the girl." In the preface to *Pornografia,* Gombrowicz quotes a passage from his *Journal*: "Youth seemed to me the highest value of life . . . but this 'value' has a peculiarity undoubtedly invented by the devil himself: being youth it is below the level of all values."

This is the moral dilemma upon which both novels turn. It is appropriate to have abstracted the "idea" from its dramatic context in the novels, for Gombrowicz, at his most intense, at his most grotesque, remains a man of ideas. The novels are immersed in a thickness of reflection, a peculiar electricity which is, at times, more convincing than the characters themselves.

Neither *Ferdydurke* or *Pornografia* are wholly successful as novels. Gombrowicz's gift for characterization flows out of the terrible urgency of his "idea." As a result, there is often a curious rigidity, a lack of dramatic wholeness, especially in the first half of *Pornografia.* Events are grossly manipulated, their "meaning" overpowers them. Yet Gombrowicz's very persistence becomes fascinating. The reader finds it hard to resist his perverse concern with youth, and its terrible "unseriousness."

Of the two novels, *Ferdydurke* is undoubtedly the more successful. Because it is frankly satirical, Gombrowicz is freed from the need to embrace his characters too closely. The novel generates a mood of grotesque humor in which the characters move flatly, almost jerkily, like surrealist marionettes. The narrator of the story is a young man in his early 30s who suddenly finds that he has been made captive of his own "immaturity." An inspector of schools, by the name of Pimko, the essence of fat, ridiculous adulthood, has taken him in hand. He is abducted by the hypnotic Pimko, who leads him to the local high school, and inscribes him in the proper class as a boy of 17. The school is a vast model of "maturity," a hierarchy of forms, styles, orthodoxies, which is wildly ridiculous and yet inescapable. It becomes a grotesque symbol of all con-

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formist "adulthoods." And its self-defeating purpose is to manufacture "immaturity," inferiority. The dead forms of Patriotism, the "Ideal," Fatherhood, Motherhood, are wielded by worm-eaten professors, so as to fabricate childishness, irresponsibility, and therefore, paradoxically, the corruption of the forms themselves.

There is a grotesque episode in which two schoolboys, Mientus and Siphon, agree to the most terrible battle of all: a duel of grimaces. In order to defeat the tyranny of *face,* they will take their faces in their hands, and hurl them at each other. "Some of us trembled at the throught of Mientus bringing out into broad daylight the dreadful weapon which no one had yet dared to use, except after taking precautions to ensure solitude and secrecy. Mientus was proposing to do in public what we had never dared to do, except alone in front of a mirror when nobody could see." Idiosyncracy, in all its seething nakedness, tears holes in the fabric of names and attitudes. The face is destroyed by its opposite, the face. It is this energy which is at play throughout *Ferdydurke*: the adult "lies" of form and style are endlessly worried by youth, by what is inferior, below all values, and yet, ultimately, fascinating.

Twenty years later, in *Pornografia,* Gombrowicz returns to these ideas, this time in the style of a Polish "provincial novel": an old-fashioned vehicle for the same half erotic, half philosophical obsession. The novel tells of two men who visit a friend in the Polish countryside, during the German occupation. In this stifled atmosphere of war and ennui, the men become fascinated at first, and then obsessed, by a couple of adolescents. The boy and girl have always known each other in their childish way. But now it becomes the secret "pornography" of the adults, to bring them together erotically. The adults, drawn to the "mere" beauty of the boy and the girl, despise them for their youth. Yet they become wholly engrossed in a scheme of manipulations which are meant to bring the children together, "in" and "for" the adults.

Here again, in this work, Gombrowicz's sheer persistence, his ability to create a mood of cold, desperate obsession, finally overcomes the improbability of the story. The world of Witold and Frederick, the two men, is formed and noble, disengaged from the "greenness" of youth. And yet there is no passion it can generate for itself. It is impotent and deathlike, if it cannot reach out "obscenely," for the despised gift of the young. It cannot live, it can only manipulate.

Although the novel gathers strength as it goes on, it fails seriously in one respect. The reader feels too easily that Gombrowicz is working out a kind of intellectual jigsaw puzzle. His distrust of the adult prevents him from creating adult characters. It boils over into an absurd sense of physical repulsion. "There were five of them—men—in the house. Hippolytus, Siemian, Albert, Frederick and I. Ugh . . . Nothing in the animal world attains such deformity—What dog, what horse can compete with this incontinence, with this cynicism of form? Alas, after the age of 30, men lapse into monstrosity."

The exile of Witold Gombrowicz is irreparable. Like Gulliver, he cannot bear the presence of man (or woman), and *Pornografia* suffers from this inner constraint, this inability to approach the other without disgust or, if the other is "young," without a curious ecstacy mingled with condescension.

Machismo

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS. *By Piri Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. 333 pp. $6.95.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

In any society the transformation of boy into man is a painful ordeal of alternating proof and doubt, but in the comfortable classes a soothing murmur assures the fledgling that when he shaves the stubble on his chin he will in fact be a man.

In the ghettos the world damns the boy to nothingness and dares him to be a man. There is no slow maturing, no time for experiment and question. There is only a desperate hunger for the state of grace called *machismo.*

Piri Thomas in his autobiography, *Down These Mean Streets,* describes the passionate, painful search to validate his manhood for which, with dead-pan cool, he had to fight, steal, submit to buggery, open his veins to any drug, take any dare, any risk. He has done it all in Harlem's mean streets and gone on from *machismo* to manhood, acquiring during the journey an understanding of man.

This is not a confirmation ritual imposed by what the sociologists call the "barrio subculture." This is a trial by ordeal that American society devises when it challenges a boy to feel like a man while he's up to his neck in the muck that is thrown at him.

Piri Thomas emerged from his ordeal like a phoenix out of the fire. He survived the anguish of addiction and cold-turkey withdrawal, street combat and the degradation of prison. He came out to engage in what is called social rehabilitation of his countrymen in Harlem and in Puerto Rico. More important, perhaps, he has given us this document of how a boy grows up in hell.

His account is all the more effective because he has not written of his childhood as hell untempered by love. He writes fondly—almost sentimentally—of the barrio and its people as if there were no villains, Negro or white, but only victims. He has compassion even for cops.

When he is not talking about the fight for manhood he is developing the second theme of man's development, what Whitman called, "the dear love of comrades." Comradeship to a boy does not depend on a cause or a banner. It is blind to human faults and deaf to reason.

One of the most telling crises Thomas describes occurs in prison when the cons are about to riot over food. Their complaint seems unfounded to Piri Thomas; there is no prospect of winning, there is only a humiliating defeat, reprisals, injury and perhaps death to be expected. And still he feels the overwhelming need to stand shoulder to shoulder with men

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who have nothing in common with him except a common condition.

He wavers until it is too late to leap to their side and then he curses himself for having failed to join still another lost cause that would have won nothing and cost him his parole. The soldier-hero knows that comradeship is more precious than victory and that reason is only a distraction. But manhood and comradeship are the only possible achievements in the ghetto.

Piri Thomas had a special problem to compound the general terror and confusion. He was the only dark-skinned member of a Puerto Rican family. His brothers and sister could pass for Spanish whites and so escape the skin stigma. For a while he carried his Spanish accent like a badge and explained to all who would listen that he was not Negro but Puerto Rican. It impressed only one white American, a Southern whore who thought she was accommodating a swarthy grandee until he shattered her complacency by shouting that she had just been had by an American Negro.

Piri Thomas flirted with militant Mohammedanism in prison but on his return to Harlem relapsed into respectable Christianity and earnest social work. This may seem to some to be a happy ending; it may disappoint others. In any case it would be best to await further word from Mr. Thomas. He may tell us whether he can find new answers in the old formulas or whether Malcolm X did not wind up a similar odyssey in a more promising port.

There is one danger in Piri Thomas' book though not primarily of his making. Middle-class Americans may smile contentedly when they finish its horrors and say: "You see, I knew it could be done. There is some good in them after all, and if they only try like Piri Thomas, they can all make it."

To guard against that crushing smugness it would have been good if Piri had a bit more anger and a bit less of the Puerto Rican's Christ-like tolerance that bids them murmur sympathetically at the hostile world—*"Ay Bendito."*

I Quit! From Solo to Chorus

THE NEW LEGIONS. *By Donald Duncan. Random House. 274 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels is a writer, presently in the armed forces.

The jacket of Donald Duncan's book is approximately the *Ramparts* cover for February, 1966, on which a grim, highly decorated master sergeant announced he had just quit the Army. This bad omen notwithstanding, *The New Legions* is not one of those articles stretched into books only to exploit the initial publicity. Duncan is an astute man with a lot more to say.

Actually he seems to have had two books in mind: an autobiography and a sociological study of Army influence in America. *The New Legions* contains snatches of each. The personal parts describe induction, jump school, Special Forces training and some daring infiltration missions in Vietnam. Most of these episodes are written in Male-Adventure style—a parody of Robin Moore's fake toughness. An unfortunate result is that we get little sense of the internal dialogue Duncan must have conducted before he quit, and only a slight understanding of why, if his background and ambitions were so typical, he took such an exceptional step in the end.

The essays are better, particularly those on the depersonalization of the Army experience and the way in which universal military training has led to the subservience of civilian America. One of the strongest discussions—because the personal half takes on the weight of parable—deals with the Special Forces, advance party in our Vietnamese adventure. Duncan, who was attached to Special Forces as an instructor, recruiter and team leader, concludes that its true specialty has always been fighting publicity campaigns. He describes the extremely funny turning-point victory which came when President Kennedy was dazzled by a hoked-up display of proficiency on a visit to Fort Bragg. Kennedy immediately upgraded the role of Special Forces, and authorized its members to wear the coveted green beret.

As often happens, though, the perpetrators of the sales pitch fell for it themselves. The greenie beanies—though their reading of Mao, Tito and Che should have taught them better—came to believe that good training in language and first aid, demolition and intelligence-gathering, would enable them to counter an army of farmers fighting for their land. Vietnam was the first test of their peculiar theory that a shark can be trained to move among the people like a fish in water.

Duncan tellingly describes his arrival there, a Candide in tropical worsteds, wholly dedicated to winning the hearts and minds of the people. Within hours a bar girl gave him his "first Vietnamese evaluation of the Special Forces . . . 'Ohhh!' she squealed, smiling approval. 'You Special Forces . . . Special Forces number one. They eat pussy.'"

There were other disillusionments, of course: a recruiting officer saying, "Don't send me any niggers"; Americans lighting cigarettes while their Vietnamese counterparts tortured and murdered prisoners; the blatant venality of Saigon's rulers. But Duncan kept his observations to himself. (Only recently he has learned that a man he worked with intimately in Vietnam was also against the war *at that time,* and has now quit in disgust.) He played it so straight that when he finally did resign he was the most decorated enlisted man in Vietnam, and up for a Silver Star.

Duncan's decision was all the more remarkable because the voices for peace had never reached him. He had to work out all the arguments against soldiering on his own. It's true that the peace movement lionized him afterward, but it never reached out to him during his struggle. Even today the movement does little to encourage future Duncans. Implicit in the cry of Hell No at the induction centers is the idea that the aimless draftee who stumbles nervously past the picket line has already reached a moral par with the Marine who burns huts by zippo lighter.

Despite the signs that say *Bring Our Boys Home,* the Women Strike for Peace rhetoric about Their Sons, and the occasional agitator who enlists, there is very little contact between Movement people and army people. Many of those who carry signs calling the GIs brothers seem in fact to be rooting for their death—that is, they gloat at news of Vietcong victories. (The *National Guardian* runs what can be read as a triumphant box score of American casualties.) As for the would-be organizers who enter the service, they often underestimate the psychological and practical difficulties of propagandizing in basic training—when your constituency is literally running from dawn till dusk. The hard fact is that the Movement barely understands the workings of the war machine. I have heard men who know the history of Southeast Asia cold, who could cite every argument against a counter-deterrent nuclear strategy, use the words "platoon," "battalion" and "brigade" as synonyms.

One way the Movement might learn more about the GIs it must influence, if it means business, would be to operate out of the bar-whorehouse-pawnshop towns near the big training bases, the parasite towns where soldiers drink and dependents live. There are services to be performed out of store fronts in Leesville, La., and Manhattan, Kan. The children of personnel stationed at, say, Fort Polk, must attend rural Louisiana schools. A pre-school or upgraded teach-

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ing facility would be welcomed by wives and military men alike. Perhaps an ombudsman's ear could be tilted toward the post to pick up such scandals as the one that broke this summer at Fort Leonard Wood, where the commanding general had been pressuring men to plead guilty in court-martial cases. (This story floated in rumor form for months; by breaking it, a Movement journal like *Viet Report* would have earned the good will of some 35,000 soldiers.) But *Viet Report* isn't interested in the day-to-day problems of American soldiers. Another Movement job might be to help doctors and enlisted men organize, at those posts where spinal meningitis is endemic, a fight for a guaranteed eight hours sleep.

But why should the induction centers be the scene of the Movement's final appeal to GIs? The day you report, Duncan reminds us, you are frightened and bewildered, hardly in condition to ingest a pamphlet on high politics. And reporting for induction, though traumatic, need not represent a philosophical watershed. Boys of 19 or 20 have not thought it all through and arrived at a firm, homicidal resolve. They are as old as college boys, and just as subject to wavering. Many accept induction even though they disapprove of the war. Some are educated; some have been exposed to the hip scene; some are black men who admire Muhammad Ali but, unlike him, need the honorable discharge in order to make a living. They are not all conformists, certainly not all killers, but they are not up to the enormous *sacrifice* the Movement now demands of them.

Only a handful of men have the resources, moral or financial, to say Hell No. There are many more who are whispering Well Maybe. They don't want jail, exile or ostracism, and they hear the Movement's strident message as: Risk Your Neck. The army seems unchangeable to them, since they have never seen anyone change it. They sense that the Movement is preoccupied with Vietnam and oblivious to their other difficulties. And so they rightfully wonder, if a Romney came in tomorrow and ended the war, would there still be a Movement to honor the men languishing in stockades and penitentiaries?

It is only after soldiers see that it is possible, on some level, to change their situation that they might think of pressing demands which now seem outlandish and suicidal—such as the right to decline assignment to a given duty station. To expect mass refusals to fight in Vietnam is like thinking American workers could have forced through the Wagner Act in 1870. The Movement has not taken the elementary step, Step *A* of any serious organizing process: convincing people that problems they perceive as individual and unsolvable are in fact widespread and—by common action—solvable. Only when that job is done will Duncans appear in legion. Then and only then will there really be a chance of stopping the war in Bolivia.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

Stratford, Conn.

Some years ago I wrote that the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy at Stratford, Conn., was "conscientiously devoted to bad work." This is no longer true; today the festival is not conscientiously devoted to anything in particular at all. This season its four productions have been staged by four different directors, none of them permanently employed at Stratford: two solid old-timers of various vintages (John Houseman and Jerome Kilty), a notorious chichi merchant (Cyril Ritchard), and this year's hot young director (Michael Kahn). But one advantage of this absolute eclecticism, this commitment to nothing except Shakespeare's name, is that some fine work now and then manages to get done.

Every year the festival mounts one non-Shakespearean production; this year it is Anouilh's *Antigone*, a grave, intelligent, and yet impassioned meditation on the eternal struggle between freedom and order. The best single piece of acting at Stratford this year is Maria Tucci's performance as Antigone. Delicate yet strong, Miss Tucci's Antigone has depths of sensibility apparent behind the Botticellian beauty of her face. She is clearly marked out for tragedy from the moment she appears, and yet she is never pretentious or monotonous. Otherwise, this *Antigone* is not a distinguished production.

Morris Carnovsky has produced a strong but ponderous Creon: constantly addressing Antigone as though she were a public meeting, he crushes much of the irony, delicacy and compassion out of his part. Jerome Kilty, the director, has decked the play in modern trappings—rock'n'roll, mini-skirts, pantsuits, a hand mike for Anouilh's one-man Chorus—but they never seem like anything but trappings.

The all-round best production this season is a vigorous *Macbeth*, imaginatively staged by John Houseman in a cold, threatening, aluminum environment designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian (scenery) and Jennifer Tipton (lighting). When King Duncan says, "This castle hath a pleasant seat," he is obviously quoting Shakespeare instead of looking around him; otherwise the problems of staging *Macbeth* are ingeniously and conscientiously solved. Even the witches are less of a nuisance than usual. John Colicos is a satisfactory Macbeth, and Carrie Nye is a young, blond, sinuous, bitchy Lady. (For a change, when Lady Macbeth cries to the evil spirits, "Unsex me here," there is something to unsex.) Mr. Houseman, his designers, and his

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actors have provided a cogent and skillful traversal of the play. Only later, reading Herbert Blau, did I come upon words for what the production seemed to me to lack: " . . . the subterranean life of the plays (a *Macbeth,* for instance, clawing bloodily at "the insane root"), and instead of fidelity or capricious updating, an immediacy of conception, by which I know that that world on the stage is unavoidably mine." But this (like most things that Mr. Blau wants) is hard to find.

The festival's *Merchant of Venice* is remarkable in one respect. Michael Kahn, who directed, has borrowed Tyrone Guthrie's idea that Antonio, the Merchant himself, the man who risks losing the famous pound of flesh, is deeply in love with his friend Bassanio, in whose behalf he takes the risk. This may sound like mere wise-guy psychologizing, but in practice it makes excellent sense. It turns Antonio, who in most productions is just a faceless necessity of the plot, into a genuine and highly interesting character. It explains his mysterious sadness, his sense of himself as "a tainted wether of the flock." It lends poignancy to his willingness, at whatever risk to himself, to lend Bassanio money, though Bassanio has made it quite clear that he wants the money to go court a wife. Wisely, Mr. Kahn does not take things too far; the subsidiary Venetians discuss the matter in tones that drip with unmistakable innuendo, but there is no pawing and no camping. The courage and magnanimity with which Antonio endures and abets what amounts to Bassanio's rejection of him give him considerable stature; as finely played by John Devlin, he rivals Shylock in gravity and dignity.

In other respects, however, this *Merchant* is not up to much. Morris Carnovsky's Shylock is sustained by the actor's tremendous inborn dignity and strength, but it is a disappointment all the same. The ferocious irony in the part goes for nothing; perhaps Mr. Carnovsky simply has no gift for irony. But one gift he does have is the power to thunder like Jove, and this he does not use. In the climactic scene after his daughter leaves him, he does not rage; he weeps, damps down the scene with self-pity, and thus discourages us from pitying him. Acting teachers tell you not to give rein to your sobs and tears, that it is much more effective to fight against them and barely manage to hold them in; they would seem to have a point. Barbara Baxley makes a pretty, blond Portia, with an attractive shyness and a nice dry wit, but her thin, nasal voice sets strict limits to what she can do with her part. Still another of the production's liabilities is that Mr. Kahn, desiring to show us that the Venetians were a giddy and superficial bunch, has encouraged or at least permitted several of them to giggle and chuckle and frivol and revel with annoying insistence and lack of conviction. Notwithstanding all this, however, I enjoyed the trial scene enormously; I had not seen it for a time and had forgotten what a brilliant piece of dramatic craftsmanship it is.

Even more so than the trial scene from *Merchant,* "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is an almost irresistibly brilliant piece of writing for the stage, and in Cyril Ritchard's staging it is very funny. But on the whole this production of *Midsummer* is characterized by a disagreeably spurious chic. The court of Theseus is dressed in a sort of musical-comedy Empire style; the fairies prance about in chiffon; the forest, hung with coldly glittering strips of plastic, looks like Tiffany's window. Mr. Ritchard turns the play into a star vehicle by doubling as Bottom and Oberon. His Bottom is comic enough, and his Oberon is not without dignity, but Mr. Ritchard has abused his considerable talents for so long that he is now the prisoner of his own persona, and can do only superficial variations on his familiar, annoyingly swish routine. His production and both his performances have an air of campy meretriciousness about them.

Four plays then, four directors, four directions. This is a better season than many have been at Stratford, but once again there is a sense of aimlessness and discontinuity. Nothing, artistically speaking, leads to anything else; nothing is being built. And meanwhile the plays themselves are not being grappled with on any very profound level.

TONIGHT

Looking up while scratching my kneecap, I saw you, young star. What luck!
I am so partial to whatever glows
as a lighthouse or as myself
who am a fire fed by
Claire Dom June Dorothy Michael Kathy Rici Whitney Gunther—
what timbers! I add more lovers and friends. Look,
I burn more fiercely tonight.
Listen,
good luck to you out in the heart of the universe, burning.
I must confess
my burning fiercely in this land of ideals and slaughter is impossible.
My friendship
for you is a sudden storm where there arises a vision of the young
meteorites about you being everywhere snuffed out in the frigid darkness.
Good lord, are we cousins?
I must go,
although I remember
now Walt Whitman's embracing of the universe and you tightly,
with my neck strained upward.
How nice if I remained and my mind then unlocked a thousand doors to you,
but my new girl friend is wringing her hands waiting. Smack in my opened
hand, hers
will be, to
the "screw you" of living, wild star, the opposite phenomenon. . . .

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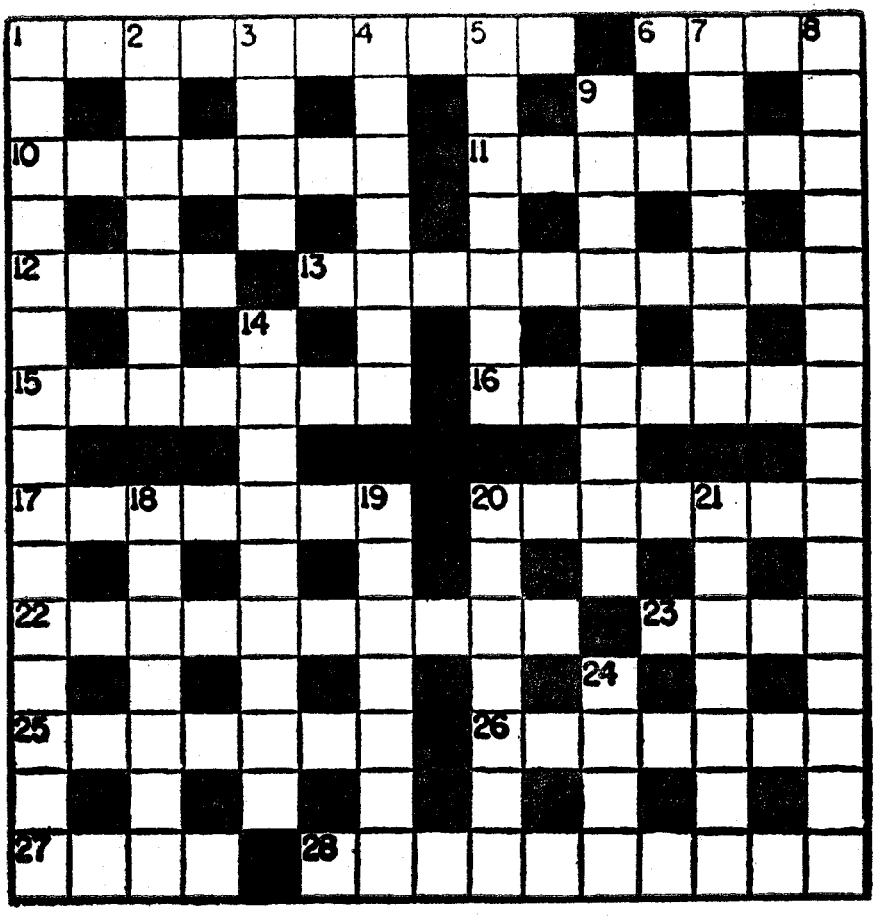

ACROSS:

1 Use the pony with discretion — it sounds as though it's bound to be alongside. (10)
6 Isaac's son in Blake's "Autobiography." (4)
10 Such material obviously wouldn't be found on top. (7)
11 Animal found more colorful about the East. (3, 4)
12 The character of Philadelphia good will.
13 Responsible for a peculiar glint, after cajoling. (10)
15 Ways traditionally explored by compromisers? (7)
16 European flower, shown by the disc held therein. (7)
17 Make like a bear. (7)
20 The retort isn't right, in addition. (7)
22 One's impact might be shattering! (10)
23 What poker players go for, and check back. (4)
25 This is an old retort! (7)
26 The air is bad in this cave structure, and it's probably in bad odor. (7)
27 Ruined city of ancient Elam, (March might be suggested by the sound.) (4)
28 Broken sets can and do portray our ancestors. (10)

DOWN:

1 Instruments found in the most recent state? (8, 7)
2 Native craft taken out of the trunk? (7)
3 It may take several layers of tarlatan to make one. (4)
4 Little knots. (7)
5 Spring rites without the traditional circle of fairies. (7)
7 A splice arranged in a particular way. (7)
8 Not just quality! (15)
9 Unemployed executive? The force is transferred by one. (4, 5)
14 They gave warning of impending destruction. (4, 5)
18 Press material might explain what they are supposed to do. (7)
19 Ties, or else can get untangled. (7)
20 Implying one went with a will? (7)
21 Your feelings, and mine too, perhaps. (7)
24 Research and Development for the richest gold fields in the world? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1215

ACROSS: 1 Infanticide; 9; 23 and 20 across A Bicycle Built for Two; 10 Prints; 11 Betters; 12 Staying; 14 Stands; 15 Celibacy; 17 Stick-pin; 22 Club car; 24 Antioch; 26 Median; 27 Restated; 28 Storekeeper. DOWN: 2 Nicotinic; 3 Accords; 4 Tees; 5 Capital; 6 Daisy; 7 Object; 8 Ethnic; 13 Scant; 16 Barricade; 18 Teller; 19 Plainer; 20 Finesse; 21 Wicked; 25 Trek.

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This is to respectfully advise you, Mr. President, that as of this date we 8,000 registered Democrats, who helped elect you in 1964, are disassociating ourselves from you and your administration because of your conduct of the war in Vietnam.

We voted for you because you gave us hope of peace when in your election campaign you said: "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves." (Akron, Ohio, October 21, 1964) This was a pledge, Mr. President. Since then over 10,000 Americans and countless Vietnamese have been killed in this war.

Your administration threatens us daily with the prospect of an all-out confrontation with China and inevitably with the Soviet Union, leading us inexorably toward a thermonuclear holocaust.

Mr. President, we dissenting Democrats want a cessation of bombing and an end to escalation. We want an immediate beginning of *meaningful negotiations* with *all forces* involved in this conflict. We want out of the war in Vietnam!

We echo the observation of Democratic Senator George McGovern who said: "We seem bent on saving the Vietnamese people, even if we have to kill them and demolish their country to do so. I do not intend to remain silent in the face of a policy of madness."

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